

The Academy

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The Literary Week.

AFTER the May meetings the Congress of Publishers. We are not at liberty to name the subjects which will engage the Congress, but among them will be an account of an institution peculiar to Holland—viz., classes for training boys to be publishers. There is a strong desire to see the United States and Holland brought within the pale of the Convention of Berne, on which international copyright rests, and this subject will receive attention. On the last day of the Congress (Friday, June 9), the delegates, numbering 200, will be entertained by the Master, Wardens, and Court of the Stationers' Company. We are also informed that Mr. Murray has received the permission of the Queen to conduct the delegates to Windsor Castle, where the royal library—not usually shown to the public—will be opened to their inspection.

THE Queen's birthday produced a little burst of song, among the singers being a poet whose voice is now too seldom heard—Mr. F. W. H. Myers. Mr. Myers's first stanza has a fine rhetorical swing:

To her beneath whose steadfast star
From pole to pole, in lusty play,
Her English wander, forcing far
Their world-ingathering way:
Outsoar the Cæsar's eagle flight,
Outrun the Macedonian reign,
Flash from the flamy Northern night
Speech to the Austral main.

As a piece of literary dove-tailing, Mr. A. C. Benson's new stanza, appended to the late Bishop of Wakefield's hymn "O King of Kings," is masterly.

THE Sunday papers came and went like a short-lived epidemic. Both of them—the *Sunday Daily Telegraph* and the *Sunday Daily Mail*—are to be in some measure restored to life in the form of Saturday budgets, which people may keep for Sunday reading if they wish to. But their Sunday publication is done—a fine testimony to the power of the public voice.

SUNDAY having been saved, Saturday is trebly threatened; for the *Daily News*, which opposed the new Sunday papers with consistent energy, is not going to stand idly by and watch its rivals developing Saturday. It announces a special illustrated penny Saturday publication of its own, under the title: the *Daily News Weekly*. We do not wish to say anything discouraging about legitimate journalistic enterprise, but really the prospect of three new Saturday budgets is rather disturbing.

YET there is one class of people, at any rate, that must look with favour on the new papers—those who have a commercial connexion with the Arts. There lies before us, for example, the balance-sheet of a company which makes process-blocks for illustrated periodicals. The profits have risen from £1,637 in 1889, when the company was formed, to £4,628 last year.

M. JUSSERAND'S *Shakespeare in France* was published just too soon to take note of Madame Sarah Bernhardt's extraordinary performance of "Hamlet," which is now exciting Paris and has indirectly almost caused the death of one of the actress's principal admirers, M. Catulle Mendès. The translators, MM. Morand and Marcel Schwob, have made certain cuts, among them being the famous speech of Polonius to Laertes, without which Polonius cannot be fully apprehended by the audience. The number of scenes has been reduced to fifteen. We are glad to see that Madame Sarah Bernhardt will include "Hamlet" in her next London repertory.

IN succession to M. Sarcey, M. Gustave Larroumet, who is ex-director of the Department of Fine Arts, is writing the dramatic *feuilleton* in the *Temps*. M. Larroumet contributed a warm appreciation of M. Sarcey to the *Figaro* last week.

AT the next meeting of the Dante Society, the Italian Ambassador will read a paper on "Dante as a Business Man." This opens out an attractive vista of subjects. May we suggest to other lecturers that they should consider the claims of

Sir Thomas Lipton as a Mystic.
Count Tolstoi as a Sprinter.

FIONA MACLEOD'S protest against speculations concerning her identity would seem not yet to have reached Hampstead. A correspondent informs us that in the catalogue of the Public Library of that parish is the following entry:

Robins (E.), *Miss F. Macleod*. "The Open Question."

A WRITER in *Le Journal* has discovered to his surprise, and doubtless to the surprise of his readers, that the adoption of the phrase "high life" by Parisians was anticipated by Victor Hugo. In *Toilers of the Sea* the master wrote: "Un jour, une belle dame de la 'high life.'" It will be observed that Hugo endows "high life" with the feminine gender, following the French *la haute vie*.

THE centenary of Thomas Hood's birth occurred on Tuesday—he was born on May 23, 1799. In selections he will be read probably as long as any English poet not of the first rank, and much more often than several who are of the first rank but who lacked his power to touch the



THOMAS HOOD.

heart. His best short lyrics, "Ruth," "The Death Bed," and "Twas in the Time of Roses," have an enduring simplicity and tenderness. His excursion into the grimly picturesque—"The Dream of Eugene Aram"—is very good indeed; and in the sardonic, in "Miss Kilmannsegg" and the "Ode to Rae Wilson," he touches a high mark. But probably in the distant future it will be "The Death Bed" by which Hood will be known. Of his comic work people are already tired. Fun which is dependent upon puns cannot long make an appeal. No return to it is possible. But Hood's best puns were almost miraculous.

IRONISTS must always expect to be misunderstood. Mr. Whiteing's satire, *No. 5, John Street*, was last Sunday referred to in a sermon in the Abbey by Canon Robinson, who failed with extraordinary completeness to take the author's point. Said he of Mr. Whiteing: "He leaves much out of sight, but he sees what he sees; and he is amazed and horrified, and he cries for a Redemption. His 'Epilogue' is Christianity without the name. It could not have been written if Christianity had never been; though he writes as if he were wholly unconscious of what Christianity is. He cries for a Prophet to proclaim the truth of Brotherhood. He cries for a Church to realise Brotherhood in a visible and tangible form. Has he never read the Gospel? Has he never read the Acts of the Apostles? Has he never read St. Paul? Has he never seen that the Prophet and the Church, and the Philosophy of both, fill the pages of the New Testament?" We fancy that Mr. Whiteing has read all these. It is possible that his familiarity with some forms of inoperative Christianity inspired his Epilogue.

THE sale of the Wright collections of portraits and autograph letters will occupy a whole week, beginning on June 12. The catalogue which Messrs. Sotheby have issued is in itself a very worthy and unique volume. We quote three short extracts. This is Dr. Goldsmith:

Mr. Goldsmith's best respects to Mr. Craddock, when he asked him to-day, he quite forgot an engagement of above a week's standing, which has been made purposely for him, he feels himself quite uneasy at not being permitted to have his instructions upon those parts where he must necessarily be defective. He will have a rehearsal on Monday, when if Mr. Craddock would come and afterwards take a bit of mutton chop it would add to his other obligations.

This is Dr. Johnson (September 29, 1784):

It is a great pleasure to a sick man to discover that sickness is not always mortal, so for age, yet living for a greater age. This, however, whatever Rochefaucault or Swift may say, though certainly part of the pleasure, yet not all of it. I rejoice in the welfare of those whom I love, and who love me, and surely should have the same joy, if I were no longer subject to mortality.

And this is David Garrick:

The little ingenious Mr. Garrick and the ingenious little Hogarth will take the opportunity of the plump doctor's being with you, to hie away to the Rev. Rigdum Funnidos, Old Alresford, there to be as merry, facetious, mad, and nonsensical as liberty, property, and old October can make 'em. Wants no kickshaws, nothing but laugh and plumb-pudding.

MARK TWAIN is intending to return to America at the end of this year and settle in Florida. He will be in London for a short time in the summer and then stay in Scotland for a while. He has lately been at work on a book which is, he says, a portrait gallery of the remarkable people whom he has met from his childhood upwards, including, like *Chambers's Biographical Dictionary*, monarchs and desperadoes, poets and lawyers.

BUT this new book is not to see the light of day for one hundred years; which is writing for posterity with a vengeance. The portraits therein, Mark told a *Times* representative, are drawn solely for his own pleasure in the work, and with the single object of telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, without malice, and to serve no grudge, but, at the same time, without respect of persons or social conventions, institutions, or pruderies of any kind. These portraits of men and women, painted with all their warts, as well as with every attractive feature which has caught his eye, will not be written in the style of Mark Twain's books, which their author anticipates will be forgotten by the time his gallery is published. Any humour they may contain will be entirely unsought. It must be inherent in the subject if it is to appear in the portrait.

IN Mark Twain's own words, "a book that is not to be published for a century gives the writer a freedom which he could secure in no other way. We have lost a great deal in the past through a lack of books written in this way for a remote posterity. A man cannot tell the whole truth about himself, even if convinced that what he wrote would never be seen by others. I have personally satisfied myself of that and have got others to test it also. You cannot lay bare your private soul and look at it. You are too much ashamed of yourself. It is too disgusting. For that reason I confine myself to drawing the portraits of others." Mark Twain is simply doing of deliberate intention very much what Pepys did by accident.

THE humourist would seem to have more faith in the permanence of books than Mr. Wells has. In the glimpses of the future given in his new story, *When the Sleeper Wakes*, we see printed stories superseded by elaborate kinetoscope pictures, in which the characters move and

speak. Mr. Wells's list of the books of this generation which will be preserved two hundred years hence is interesting. He fastens on Mr. Kipling ("The Man Who would be King"), Mr. Conrad ("The Heart of Darkness"), and Mr. Henry James ("The Madonna of the Future") as three authors whose fame will endure at any rate as long as that. But not in books—in double cylinders.

In an age of odd and seemingly irrelevant revelations nothing more odd has come under our notice than the



M. ZOLA AS A CHILD.

pamphlet entitled *A Psycho-Physical Study of Zola's Personality, with Illustrations: his Physical and Mental Peculiarities, Nervous System, Finger Imprints, Morbid Ideas, &c.*, which reaches us from Chicago. Zola, whose passion for truth governs his life, expresses himself interested in the document; but exactly how it is valuable to others we cannot determine. That the mental idiosyncracies of a man of notable intellect may be worth putting on record we can believe; but his "anthropometrical measurements"! Thus: length of left foot, 262 mm.; width of right ear, 31 mm.; sitting height, 890 mm.

THIS is a little better:

Another morbid idea is arithmetical mania. He says this is a result of his instinct for order. When in the street he counts the gas-jets, the number of doors, and especially the number of hacks. In his home he counts the steps of the staircases, the different things on his bureau; he must touch the same pieces of furniture a certain number of times before he goes to sleep.

From this desire to count arise superstitions; certain numbers have a bad influence for him: if by adding to the number of a hack he obtains a superstitious number, he will not hire the hack; or if he is obliged to, he fears some evil will befall him, as not to succeed on the errand he is upon. For some time "3" was a good number; to-day "7" reassures him: thus in the night he opens his eyes seven times to prove that he is not going to die. But the number 17, which reminds him of an important date that fate has willed, disturbs him.

We reproduce from the pamphlet a photograph of Zola as a child. And for the benefit of any English novelist who may wish to be the subject of a similarly exhaustive inventory we may add that the author's name is Arthur MacDonald.

The first number of the *Chord*, a new quarterly devoted to music, lies before us. The little work proceeds from the Unicorn Press. The contributors belong to the new school of musical criticism, among them being Mr. Vernon

Blackburn and Mr. J. F. Runciman. Tchaikowsky finds in "Israfel" a glowing eulogist.

MR. BURNAND's chapters of autobiography in the *Pall Mall Magazine* reveal two unexpected circumstances. One is that Mr. Meredith gave him his first start as a literary man—but how is not explained; and the other that that excellent chapter in *Happy Thoughts* describing the hero's difficulties in the library of the wrong Frazer's house, had foundation in fact in the library of Thackeray's house. A *Punch* dinner was "held" under Thackeray's roof, and afterwards the great man asked Mr. Burnand to get him a book from the shelves. Mr. Burnand did his best, but he could not dislodge the volume. It was a dummy. Thackeray then asked him to try in the next room for it. "Certainly," I said, eager to show my readiness, and to put myself on the best possible terms with the great man. So I turned to go to the door in the direction he had indicated. No door; all books. Then, on looking round, it seemed to me that there *was* no door: books everywhere. Yet we must have entered by some door, out of the dining-room; and here we were! and others had gone out by another door; but where? Were we in a room without any doors? 'I'll show you,' he said; and then, intensely enjoying my puzzlement, he put his hand in among the books in the case—all dummies, every one—and, turning a handle, opened the door leading into the dining-room."

AUTHOR and publisher can be at variance without rancour, perhaps without knowing it. The prospectus of a new book of verse called *An Epic of the Soul* illustrates this difference. Says the author: "This cycle of eighty short poems, of a new form, records the experience of one who has sounded the depths of doubt and despair, and emerged into light on the further side." Says the publisher: "Printed in best style, on feather-weight paper, with deckle edges, and bound in white vellum, gilt top, with title on back and on cover in gold."

LISTS of errata can be amusing. A little pamphlet collection of stories reaches us from America with a quite disproportionate list of errata at the end. Here are some:

- Page 7, line 22, "depths" should be "debts."
- " 12, " 28, "streak" should be "stream."
- " 17, " 20, "loud, maddening" should be "land-maddening."
- " 22, "To Mary E. Wilkins" should be "C."
- " 23, line 27, "irritableness" should be "inevitableness."
- " 25, " 37, "did not know" should be "did know."

WE erroneously stated the price of Messrs. T. & T. Clark's *Dictionary of the Bible* in reviewing the first two volumes last week. The volumes are 28s. each; not 14s.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Some little time ago you had a competition for books that are wanted. Might I suggest the desirability of a dictionary of early printers—say to 1600 or 1650—giving their trade marks, peculiarities of style or matter, and more important or rare works? Possibly such a work exists (? in French); if so, I should be much obliged if you could tell me of it."

PERHAPS the curious fate of Lord Curzon's unpublished book is not generally understood. It was ready when Lord Curzon was appointed Viceroy, and its forthcoming publication was announced in the *Times*. The paragraph was seen in "high quarters," and an intimation was given that the appearance of a book on India by the Viceroy of India was not desirable. The fact that Lord Curzon's book referred to travels on the frontier in years gone by did not prevail; and the result was that Lord Curzon gave instructions that publication should be put off indefinitely, and sailed for India. The book now lies in type. "The next step," says the *New York Critic*, "will probably be the taking down of the type, unless, indeed, Lord Curzon cares to rent it until he ceases to be the Indian Viceroy, five years hence."

To the "William Black Lifeboat Memorial Fund" the sum of £330 has now been subscribed. The Committee has lately been strengthened by a number of American literary men, and all over the United Kingdom the interests of the Fund are in good hands. The figure of £2,000 is aimed at.

JULES CLARETIE says that a "well-informed" diplomatist said to him recently: "There are four people in the whole of England who do not wish for a war with France: the Queen, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, and sir John Morley."

Bibliographical.

THE centenary of the birth of Thomas Hood has brought with it a gratifying, yet rather amusing, amount of erudition on the part of the daily and the weekly press. The fuss made is a little diverting, for as a rule we have heard little of poor Hood. He is not among those from whom the *literati* habitually quote. The "Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs" are naturally voted trite; and there has never been anything to show that the average writing man had ever read the "Midsummer Fairies" or the Sonnets. In the *Golden Treasury* Hood is represented by three pieces only—"The Bridge of Sighs," "Past and Present," and "The Death Bed" (which, in his first edition, Mr. Palgrave deprived of its third verse!). Mr. Austin Dobson, too, when he came to "select" Hood for Mr. Ward's *English Poets*, chose only "The Bridge of Sighs," "The Death Bed," and "A Parental Ode" as representative examples of Hood's work. From the critics, in fact, Hood, as a poet, has never received any assistance worth speaking of.

If Hood's verse, both "serious" and "comic," is not well known to the lieges, it certainly ought to be. Books, of course, are usually bought as furniture or for decorative purposes; still, a good many people probably have dipped into the many editions of Hood's rhymes which have been produced within the last decade or two. It is quite a long time—some fourteen years—since Messrs. Routledge put the "serious" and the "comic" verse into their cheap and handy Pocket Library. About the same time the Poems

were included in Messrs. Cassell's Red Library. There were other editions in 1890, 1891, and 1893, the last-named year witnessing a reprint of Hood's novel, *Tynney Hall*. Two years ago Messrs. Warne included Hood's verse in their Albion Library, and Messrs. Macmillan gave to it two volumes in their "Eversley" series. Last year, again, Messrs. Routledge issued cheap editions of the Poems. By the way, *Hood in Scotland*, which has just been re-reviewed, came out originally in 1885.

More than one reference has been made these last few days to Landor's tribute to "the witty and the tender Hood." It is, of course, by no means the only tribute of the kind. There is Leigh Hunt's in "The Feast of the Poets":

... a right poet also was Hood, and could vary
His jokes with deep fancies of Centaur and Fairy.

There are Lowell's lines "To the Memory of Hood," and W. C. Bennett's in his *Verdicts*:

Thou by whom equal humour and pathos were shown,
Thou heart with a tenderness all woman's own,
Thou finest of spirits thy thronged age has known!

Very enthusiastic, too, is Gerald Massey's testimony to his brother bard:

The world may never know the wealth it lost
When Hood went darkling to his tearful tomb,
So mighty in his undeveloped force.

The announcement of a new book by Mr. Hamlin Garland—to be published in this country, which he has just visited for the first time—reminds one that his work is already pretty familiar to English readers. We have had, for instance, in tolerably quick succession, his *Little Norsk*, his *Spoil of Office*, his *Prairie Songs*, his *Prairie Folks*, his *Main-Travelled Roads*, his *Crumbling Idols* (essays on art, literature, and the drama), his *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*, and his *Wayside Courtships*—all within half a dozen years or so. This seems to indicate a certain measure of popularity on this "side."

I see Dr. Andrew Wilson has been quoting in the *Illustrated London News* some stanzas which he "thinks he is right in attributing to the late Lord Neaves." Lord Neaves certainly did write "The Leather Bottel," but not quite as Dr. Wilson quotes him. Of the three stanzas which Dr. Wilson prints, the first two differ pretty considerably from the authorised text as given in "Songs and Verses, Social and Scientific," to which the readers of the *Illustrated London News* may be advised to make reference.

In the June number of the *Cornhill*, a writer reproduces from "The Shotover Papers" (Oxford, 1874-5) two stanzas of the Swinburne parody entitled "Procuratores," and beginning:

O vestment of velvet and virtue!

He adds: "The author of this parody was, I believe, Mr. Ivan Müller, then of New College." This is quite true; and "Procuratores," along with other verses by Mr. Müller, may be found, with Mr. Müller's name appended to them, in a volume, published by Routledge, called *Comic Poets of the Nineteenth Century*.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Liddell of "Liddell and Scott."

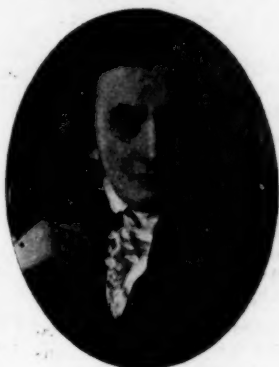
Henry George Liddell, D.D. A Memoir. By the Rev. Henry L. Thompson. (Murray. 16s.)

In the Oxford of ten years ago Liddell loomed large. The memory of a distinguished Vice-Chancellorship, the prestige of "the House," the already ancient fame of the great Lexicon, gave him a position and authority second only to that of "little Benjamin, their ruler." And even in a mostly celibate society the fine bearing and handsome demeanour of the man, which the portraits we reproduce abundantly illustrate, added to the impression. For sixty-two years, from his matriculation in 1830 to his resignation in 1892, with the exception of the decade which he spent at the closely related foundation of Westminster, Liddell's career was bound up and identified with the fortunes of what is in some respects the *doyen* of Oxford colleges—Christ Church. Mr. Thompson's memoir is naturally somewhat academic and reserved, but it furnishes the material for a fairly lifelike portrait, differing in

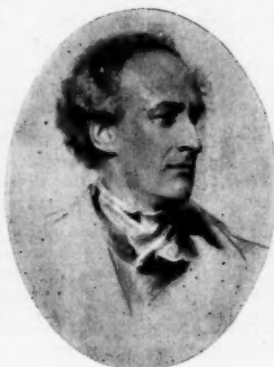
great joy to the Sixth Form boys of Westminster to find a weak point. Story had it that on such occasions Liddell would say: "I can't think what Mr. Scott meant by saying that." And an audacious wag once showed up to the headmaster the following epigram:

Two men wrote a Lexicon, Liddell and Scott;
Some parts were clever, but some parts were not.
Hear, all ye learned, and read me this riddle,
How the wrong part wrote Scott, and the right part wrote Liddell.

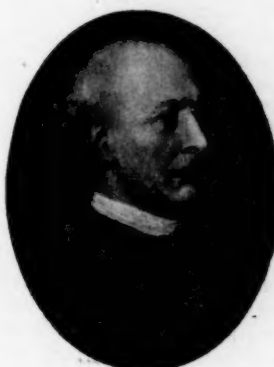
Between 1833 and 1846 Liddell became successively Tutor of Christ Church, Reader in Greek, and Whyte's Professor of Moral Philosophy. In the latter year he married and was appointed by Gaisford Headmaster of Westminster. Here he did good work, for the school had fallen into the hands of incompetent ushers and sorely needed wise steersmanship. During his tenure of office Liddell found time to write an excellent *History of Rome*. He was not sorry, however, on Gaisford's death, to come back to Christ Church as Dean, and with the exception of the inevitable work on the Lexicon, the rest of his life was devoted to the service of the College and the University.



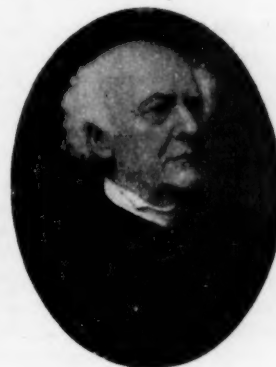
AT TWENTY-EIGHT.
By Cruikshank.



AT FORTY-SEVEN.
By G. Richmond, R.A.



AT SIXTY-FIVE.
By G. F. Watts, R.A.



AT EIGHTY.
By H. Herkomer, R.A.

THE LATE DEAN LIDDELL AT DIFFERENT PERIODS OF HIS LIFE.

more than one way from the traditional Liddell of undergraduate legend.

The reminiscences of his early life which Liddell himself preserved do not paint his schooldays in bright colours. At his first school an ingenious form of torture was in vogue:

We little boys were made to sit at the long desks with our hands over our eyes, and certain big fellows, having needles fixed in little balls of sealing wax, blew these missiles through pea-shooters, so as to pin our ears to our heads.

Charterhouse, to which Liddell went on, was almost equally rough. The boys seemed to have "pigged it" a good deal, and to have learnt less than might be expected from the reputation of the headmaster, Dr. Russell, who was something of a faddist. Liddell, personally, after three years' experience, still dates his letters from "Beastly Charterhouse." At Christ Church, and under that really great scholar Gaisford, he found himself more in his element. The Lexicon, in which his colleague was Robert Scott, afterwards Master of Balliol, was begun soon after he took his degree, and was completed in about ten years. But he was at work upon it, revising and improving, up to the end of his life. It was really a credit to English scholarship, and, in a letter written shortly after its publication, Liddell records with some pride how the famous Dindorf had now relinquished his intention of doing similar work. Of course it is not infallible, and it was a

On the inner life of Liddell Mr. Thompson is, perhaps, more chary of throwing light than could be wished. In his youth, like most of his contemporaries, he came under the influence of Pusey and Newman. He writes as follows of the great opponent of the Tractarians, Dr. Arnold:

Arnold came, saw, and, of course, did not conquer. I am sorry to say that his physiognomy by no means counteracts the extremely unpleasant notion I had been led to form of him from the "Malignants" article. A more savage, truculent expression than that day sate upon his brow I think I never saw.

This naïve fashion of painting your adversary as a devil is not uncharacteristic of theological controversy, but the portrait will come as a surprise to the readers of Stanley's *Life of Arnold*. In another letter of the same date he appeals to Vaughan, afterwards Professor of Modern History: "I hope you have already signed a petition against admitting Dissenters to the Universities. If not, you will find one either at Rivington's or Hatchard's, whither instantly repair, and enrol your name among all the good and wise of the land." These polemical utterances are singularly at variance with Liddell's later attitude on the question of University Reform. The real fact is, that with Liddell the Tractarian phase was even more transient than it was with Mark Pattison, or with Froude. The bent of his mind was not theological, and his interests, outside scholarship, were mainly con-

cerned with matters of art. Of the Martyrs' Memorial he very characteristically writes:

There are, and will be, many difficulties about it, arising from the disturbed state of the theological opinion, both generally in the country and particularly at Oxford. However, I hope the thing may be got successfully forward. If so, when the architectural question of what is to be comes to be discussed I shall take a very lively interest in the business.

This detachment from theology, and indeed from speculation generally, seems to have lasted throughout Liddell's life. Abstract ideas had but the slightest attraction for him; he was at heart a "practical" man. Mr. Thompson quotes some interesting extracts from letters written after his resignation of the Deanery to Sir Thomas and Sir Henry Alcock:

I fear I share Mountague Bernard's opinion that, after forty, Metaphysics become distasteful. I have so long discontinued any study of Speculative Philosophy, and am so ignorant of what has been said or written by moderns, such as Herbert Spencer, Lotze, &c., that I could not give any judgment worth a farthing. I fear the present generation care little for such things, and that any attempt to popularise them would meet with small encouragement. I only wonder at your energy in continuing to pass speculative thoughts through the filter of your brain.

And, again:

As to faith, I suppose you mean that the old provinces of faith are being invaded by conviction of new facts inconsistent with their maintenance. Must this not be so. It is a question whether, after a certain age, it is worth while, as a matter of duty, to go into such questions. I, for instance, do not feel the least inclination to read the Gifford Lectures by (I forget his name), if he attempts to solve transcendental questions by abstract reasonings. The history of religion must be interesting. The philosophy of religion may be barren and provoking.

We have referred to Liddell's taste for art. He was an excellent draughtsman, as some examples from the Christ Church Common-Room blotting-paper, gathered up by a friend after a committee meeting and reproduced by Mr. Thompson, show. He was a close friend of Mr. Ruskin's, who in a well-known passage of the *Præterita* speaks of him as "one of the rarest types of nobly-presented Englishmen, . . . a man sorrowfully under the dominion of the Greek ἀνάγκη—the present Dean." Ruskin regretted that one who could draw should give himself up to business and lexicons. And Liddell, in his turn, describes the Ruskin of undergraduate days as "a very strange fellow, always dressing in a great-coat with a brown velvet collar and a large neckcloth tied over his mouth, and living quite in his own way among the odd set of hunting and sporting men that gentlemen commoners usually are." Mr. Thompson prints two long and interesting letters from Ruskin, written in 1844, and replying to criticisms of Liddell's upon *Modern Painters*.

Dean Liddell's is a worthy figure to stand in the long line of rulers of the "House," which includes such names as Fell, Aldrich, Atterbury, Jackson, and Gaisford. A certain sternness and austerity of demeanour which marked his relations with undergraduates was due to shyness and reserve; and in later life became softened—so his biographer declares—into something approaching geniality.

The Prince of Critics.

"JULES JANIN, who has been dubbed the prince of critics, would be completely unknown to the present generation if he had not called the lobster, which he had only seen after it had been boiled, 'the cardinal of the seas.'"

From the *Times*, May 25.

The Hymn and the Hymnist.

The Hymn Lover: an Account of the Rise and Growth of English Hymnody. By W. Garrett Horder. Second Edition, Revised. (J. Curwen & Sons.)

Hymns and Hymn-Writers of the Church Hymnary. By Rev. J. Brownlie. (Henry Frowde.)

Of the two books cited above, the second is a series of brief notices, critical and biographical, of the hymn-writers whose work appears in the Presbyterian Church Hymnary. It is well done, and very useful within its necessarily limited scope. At the same time, the Church Hymnary casts so wide a net that Mr. Brownlie's book is really more comprehensive than the mere title would lead one to expect. Mr. Horder's work, on the other hand, is really a history of English Hymnody, and well deserves the second edition into which it has gone. The criticism is good, and it does excellent service by its copious quotations of hymns good but little known.

There is a general and a conventional sense of the term "hymn." In the general sense it may signify elaborate poems, including litanies—poems quite unfit for congregational use. The Orphic hymns, for example, are litanies. Of the purely poetical class we may take Catullus' hymn to Diana. A free translation of the first stanzas will show how unfit it would be for general use:

Diana's servitors are we,
We girls and boys in chastity;
Diana, boys in chastity
And girls go we a-singing.
O rich-haired Leto's progeny,
Great offspring of great Jove on high,
When did the olives canopy
Thy Delian forthbringing;
The mistress of the heights to be,
And have the woods in sovereignty,
And groves' recessed secrecy,
And streams' unravished springing.

That is no hymn in our narrower sense. In the accepted conventional sense, a hymn should be a metrical composition addressed to a higher power than man, and at the same time characterised by certain special limitations. It must be a *song*, in the strictest sense of that word—singable and sufficiently brief. It must, like all songs, be in a metre light and unintricate enough for musical setting; and, above all, it must be direct enough in expression for popular comprehension. This last qualification explains why there are many successful hymns, but few good hymns.

Hymns, in our signification, are almost, perhaps quite, unknown in pagan religions. The Orphic hymns, we have said, were litanies; so were the Egyptian hymns to Osiris and others as they have reached us; they are a string of the god's titles and attributes. The reason is that there was no public worship except on festival anniversaries; the services were and are conducted by the priests and their assistants in the privacy of the temple—often at night. The multitude might go in if they pleased and make their solitary individual prayer; but there was no organised public ritual, therefore no congregational prayer. So it is to-day in India. As for Buddhism, it has no prayer; a man may meditate on divine things, and try to make himself better thereby, but there is no help from the *devas*, who are at most but powers of the universe. You might as well pray to the Lord Chief Justice to keep you out of Clerkenwell. It is a religion of pure self-help and unbending fate.

From the Hebrew psalms is the origin of Christian hymnody. Yet the Assyrian hymns show whence the Jews got the model of their psalms. Read but this:

My Lord, in the anger of His heart, has punished me;
God in the strength of His heart has taken me;
Ishtar, my mother, has seized upon me and put me to grief.

God, who knoweth that I knew not, has afflicted me;
Ishtar, my mother, who knoweth that I knew not, has
caused darkness.

I prayed, and none takes my hand;
I wept, and none held my palm;
I cry aloud, but there is none that will hear me;
I am in darkness and hiding, and dare not look up.

This is sufficiently Hebraic; but the hymn in its modern conventional sense was developed in the Middle Ages; and the finest hymns ever written are unfortunately in Latin. English hymns really begin with the seventeenth century. Then later Dr. Watts inaugurated the prolific period of hymn-writing, and yet later in the eighteenth century the two Wesleys flooded the land with hymns and hymn-writers. Finally, about the middle of this century, there has been a fresh outbreak of hymns, the result of the diffusion of modern poetry; and this still continues. The hymns of the seventeenth century are few, and, with the exception of an occasional piece, such as Bishop Ken's Evening Hymn, they have been surpassed in popularity; but in quality they are among the best of the language. They have a terseness, a freshness of idea and expression, which more recent writers too often miss. Let us quote one, not only because it is fine in itself, but because it is the work of a famous master of English prose, whom few people are aware to have left any verse at all. We mean the Evening Hymn of Sir Thomas Browne:

The night is come, like to the day,
Depart not Thou, great God, away.
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of Thy light.
Keep still in my horizon; for to me
The sun makes not the day, but Thee.
Thou, whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples sentry keep;
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes
Whose eyes are open while mine close.
Let no dreams my head infest
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest, my soul advance;
Make my sleep a holy trance:
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought;
And with as active vigour run
My course as doth the nimble sun.
Sleep is a death;—O make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die!
And as gently lay my head
On my grave as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at last with Thee;
And thus assured, behold I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.

This is probably the germ of Bishop Ken's well-known Evening Hymn, and it seems a model of what a hymn should be. The simplest may understand it, the most cultivated delight in it. We need only point to the few true hymns of George Herbert or of Herrick, whose reputation is established; but we may note one or two excellent hymns by John Austin, which are but now emerging from an undeserved neglect. "Jerusalem, my happy home," belongs to this time, and is anonymous—like many good things, from Westminster Abbey downwards.

John Mason preceded Watts, also in the later seventeenth century, and one very fine hymn of his is quoted by Mr. Horder. He, too, is regaining his due place nowadays. Of Watts we need not speak, or the Wesleys. All of them were epoch-making as hymn-writers; and if Watts be somewhat overrated as regards the intrinsic value of his work, that cannot be said of Charles Wesley. After them the soil yields scanty fruit. There is an occasional hymn deservedly remembered, such as Toplady's famous "Rock of Ages." But, on the whole, it was a fallow period, down to the middle of our own century.

Then came the influence of the great modern poets. Cowper had, indeed, written, with John Newton, the

celebrated *Olney Hymns*, but he produced no followers. Now everybody was writing verse, and hymnody shared in the revival. Thomas Kelly, James Montgomery, Bishop Heber, lead off the way. Montgomery is really an apostle of the present-day hymn, and the excellence of his work needs no comment. Heber did good service also in raising the standard of taste. And then comes Keble, with *The Christian Year*, and we are in the full tide of the revival. To mention individuals is impossible, so numerous are those with claims to attention. Let us consider the general character of present-day hymnody, and quote a few of the less-known specimens.

Modern hymn-writing is much more refined than that of the eighteenth century—aims much more at artistic merit. It is also more various in form and metre. But, on the other hand, it tends to diffuseness. Compared with the seventeenth century this is very noticeable. Keble himself, with all his merits, sadly lacked compression. His friend Newman beats him here; compression is the great merit which makes amends for much defective in the artistic finish of Newman's verse. Yet, in an occasional stanza, Keble can be striking and compact. Mr. Horder justly cites the following:

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the earth and sky.

That is admirable and rememberable. But if this fault mar Keble, what shall we say of Faber, whom Mr. Horder lauds to the skies? His translations are his best; and doubtless some of his original hymns are less faulty than those which are most popular. But those hymns, such as "O Paradise!" are almost more than diffuse, they are *gushing*. Only a richer imagination than Faber possessed as a poet could carry off such loose flinging of one's emotional arms abroad. Diffuseness, either emotional or gently sentimental, is the characteristic fault of the modern hymn. There are exceptions. Such is an excellent hymn by Anstice, which the reader will find on p. 167 of Mr. Horder's book. But we quote in preference Samuel Greg's really fine hymn on the Transfiguration—finished, compact, direct in utterance, without triviality:

Stay, Master, stay upon this heavenly hill:
A little longer, let us linger still;
With these three mighty ones of old beside,
Near to the Awful Presence still abide;
Before the throne of light we trembling stand,
And catch a glimpse into the spirit-land.

Stay, Master, stay! we breathe a purer air;
This life is not the life that waits us there:
Thoughts, feelings, flashes, glimpses come and go:
We cannot speak them—nay, we do not know;
Wrapt in this cloud of light we seem to be
The thing we fain would grow—eternally.

"No!" saith the Lord, "the hour is past,—we go;
Our home, our life, our duties lie below.
While here we kneel upon the mount of prayer,
The plough lies waiting in the furrow there!
Here we sought God that we might know His will:
There we must do it,—serve Him,—seek Him still."

If man aspires to reach the throne of God,
O'er the dull plains of earth must lie the road.
He who best does his lowly duty here,
Shall mount the highest in a nobler sphere:
At God's own feet our spirits seek their rest,
And he is nearest Him who serves Him best.

Dean Stanley imitated this hymn, but certainly fails to equal Greg. His hymn is much more artificial—*flamboyant*, in fact.

The name of Neale is eminent as a translator of the mediæval and Eastern hymns. He stands with Faber and Casswall as the three who have done the most valuable work in such translation. Neale especially is remarkable

for the number and general felicity of his renderings. But with Bonar, Rawson, Gill, Ellerton, and a hundred others each having his right to consideration, the modern field is too crowded for separate reference. Yet take these hardly known lines by Sarah Williams, compact, sincere, and clear, which we may thank Mr. Horder for quoting :

Because I knew not when my life was good,
And when there was a light upon my path,
But turned my soul perversely to the dark—
O Lord, I do repent.

Because I held upon my selfish road,
And left my brother wounded by the way,
And called ambition duty, and pressed on—
O Lord, I do repent.

Because I spent the strength Thou gavest me
In struggle which Thou never didst ordain,
And have but dregs of life to offer Thee—
O Lord, I do repent.

Because I was impatient, would not wait,
But thrust my impious hand across Thy threads,
And marred the pattern drawn out for my life—
O Lord, I do repent.

Because Thou hast borne with me all this while,
Hast smitten me with love until I weep,
Hast called me as a mother calls her child—
O Lord, I do repent.

There is a hymn by Mrs. Charles, also excellent in a different way; antithetical, but having the same unfeminine quality of compression. And that is what we need. The national quality of our extensive hymn literature is terseness, firmness, gravity, dignity, weight. The more we aim at restoring that quality, the better the prospect for the future. We have gone far enough in the direction of modern freedom—too far. "License they mean when they cry Liberty" should not be true of hymn-writers.

A Budget of Kindliness.

Reminiscences. By Justin McCarthy. 2 vols. (Chatto & Windus. 24s.)

MR. MCCARTHY has a good word for everybody. Out of the friendships, the rivalries, the innumerable acquaintances of forty-seven years he distils not a drop of gall. Faults and weaknesses which have acquired a traditional acceptance have no lodgment in his memory. Thackeray an inordinate admirer of rank, a snob worthy of his own collection of snobs? "So far as I knew or could observe Thackeray, I had no reason to believe that he had any defect of the kind. I had known him to be on the most friendly terms with men and women who had nothing whatever of rank or station to recommend them to his notice." Mr. McCarthy tells, with admirable point, a story of a real tuft-hunter who claimed to be of good family, and who "was always boasting of the fact and telling you of his high connections, bringing out the names of his first cousin the marquis, and his second cousin the duchess," &c. This man made the acquaintance of Thackeray, and was proud of it. One day, says Mr. McCarthy,

I met him at the Garrick Club, and he suddenly began to talk to me about Thackeray. "Now, look here," he said, "you always refuse to believe that Thackeray worships the aristocracy. I'll give you a convincing proof that he does, a proof that I got only this very day. Do you see this cigar?" He held one out between his fingers, and I admitted that I did see it. "Well," he said, "that cigar was given to me by Thackeray; and do you know what he said when he was giving it to me?" I had to admit that I could not form any guess as to what Thackeray might have said. So he went on with an air of triumph. "Well," he said, "Thackeray's words to me were these: 'Now, my dear fellow, here is a cigar which I know you

will be delighted to have, because it is one of a box that was given to me by a marquis': Now what have you to say?" I had nothing to say. I could have said: "I really didn't know that Thackeray was as well acquainted with you as all that," but I controlled my tongue, and the conversation dropped.

Under the warm rays of Mr. McCarthy's recollection the men and women of yesterday show the best sides of their characters. George Eliot, an "overbearing" hostess, "filled with intellectual pride"? "I can only say that the opinion I formed of George Eliot's manner as an intellectual hostess was, curiously, the very reverse." Cardinal Manning acrid in his talk of eminent men? "I cannot say that I myself ever observed any peculiarity of this kind." Yet even to the Cardinal's trivial detractors Mr. McCarthy is kind: "I think Manning could not always resist the temptation to throw in some brief descriptive remark, which showed in the lightest and most passing way that he thoroughly understood some one or two of a great man's little weaknesses." Browning "a mere chatterer in society, and a devotee of rank and fashion"? Not as Mr. McCarthy knew him:

As to Browning's manner of talk. Was it only the idle chatter of society? I have met a great many brilliant talkers in different countries in my time. I do not know that I have ever met a talker more brilliant, or who could, when he pleased, go more deeply into the heart of a subject than Robert Browning. I shall never forget an account which he gave me once of his early recollections of Edmund Kean's acting. Browning, of course, was very young when he saw Edmund Kean, but he had carried away in his mind a perfect picture of the great tragedian's style and manner; and I must say that with all I had read of Kean nothing ever impressed me with such a comprehension of his genius and of his style as did that rapid description by Browning given, not to the company in general, but to me at a London dinner table. There was not in his description the slightest straining after effect, not the faintest suggestion of the clever talker talking to show his cleverness; it was simply the outpouring of a man filled with his subject, and anxious to make his listener feel as he felt; and the subject itself was started by the merest chance, and without any premeditation whatever on either side.

Just as triumphantly does Freeman emerge from these most entertaining pages. Many of Freeman's visitors had been led, like Mr. McCarthy, to think of him as an overbearing man, brusque in his manner to intellectual inferiors. Mr. McCarthy found in him only "a sort of rough heartiness." Freeman, as everyone knows, was a grand talker, humorous, exuberant, and prodigiously well informed. Mr. McCarthy makes his literary industry concrete and interesting:

I was particularly interested in the working arrangements of his study, which he showed and explained with a certain degree of natural pride. One important part of the arrangement consisted of a very long, narrow table, stretching midway down almost the whole length of the long room. The convenience of this arrangement consisted in the fact that he could have all the particular books he was likely to require for each day's work laid out, on their backs with open leaves, along the table, so as to spare him the trouble of incessantly running to his shelves and taking down each time a new volume, and then, when he supposed he had done with it, putting it back into its place and out of his way, only perhaps to find, a few minutes later, that he wanted to refer to the book again, and must drag it from its shelf anew. Freeman himself expatiated with great delight on the advantages of this plan, and showed how the books that he wanted for each day's work could find ample space to lie outspread without encroaching on each other. . . . He dwelt with amusing and humorous exaggeration on the priceless simplicity of his method, and on the extraordinary vagueness of mind which induced so many authors to pile one book upon another.

It is hardly necessary, though it would be absurdly easy, to adduce other instances of our author's generous

estimates of the daily side of men and women of note. Perhaps we ought not to call them generous; they must be temperamental. What McCarthy looked for he saw; what he saw he records. And so with anecdote and talkative ease we move on through the vast crowd, and are presented to Huxley, and Mill, and Mr. Spencer, and Tyndall, and Jefferson, and Bright, and Cobden, and Parnell, and Mr. Sexton, and Lord Randolph Churchill, and Gladstone, and Carlyle, and Dickens, and Lowell, and Holmes, and Trollope, and Reade—and to many, many more: even to Mr. Meredith, and Mr. Kipling. It may be that some readers who love a shindy, and lust for a little detraction, will find Mr. McCarthy's pages too smooth and benevolent. They may contend that justice is dull without its miscarriages, and that charity vaunts itself if it *never* faileth. For such there is a grain of comfort: Mr. McCarthy almost hustles Charles Kingsley. It is a surprise, but it is so. For while allowing that Kingsley had an honest heart, and "tried to do the work of a man," Mr. McCarthy says: "I hardly remember, in my practical observation of politics, a great public question of which Charles Kingsley did not take the wrong side." And again—is it really Mr. McCarthy?—"Nothing for long years, I think, has been more repulsive, and in its way more mischievous, than the cant about 'strength' which Kingsley did so much to diffuse and to glorify." Here, and here only, this broad and gliding stream of memories stays its rippling music, and seems as though it were about to roar in in a strait channel.

Even the shindy is not quite lacking, for, in lieu of one of his own making, Mr. McCarthy treats us to a gay passage of arms between Charles Reade and Charles Mathews:

Reade's hot temper once got him into serious trouble with so awkward an antagonist as the late Charles Mathews. As most of the elders will remember, Charles Mathews was not only the most brilliant light comedian of his day upon the English stage, but he was a master of bright talk and keen sarcasm. He was performing at one time in Drury-lane Theatre, then under the management of Mr. E. T. Smith, a very well-known personage of that day. Charles Reade had once written a play called "Gold," which, it seems, was acted at Drury-lane Theatre, but which I confess I never saw, never read, and, indeed, never heard of until the occurrence of the little controversy I am about to record. Reade, one night, presented himself for admission at the door of Drury-lane Theatre and was refused; and, thereupon, he wrote the following letter to Charles Mathews:

Garrick Club, Covent Garden: November 28.

DEAR SIR,—I was stopped the other night at the stage door of Drury-lane Theatre, by people whom I remember to have seen at the Lyceum under your reign.

This is the first time such an affront was ever put upon me in any theatre where I had produced a play, and is without precedent unless when an affront was intended. As I never forgive an affront, I am not hasty to suppose one intended. It is very possible that this was done inadvertently; and the present stage-list may have been made out without the older claims being examined.

Will you be so kind as to let me know at once whether this is so, and if the people who stopped me at the stage-door are yours; will you protect the author of "Gold," &c., from any repetition of such an annoyance?—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

CHARLES READE.

Mathews's reply must be counted immortal:

T. R., Drury-lane: November 29.

DEAR SIR,—If ignorance is bliss on general occasions, on the present it certainly would be folly to be wise. I am therefore happy to inform you that I am ignorant of your having produced a play at this theatre; ignorant that you are the author of "Gold"; ignorant of the merits of that play; ignorant that your name has been erased from the list at the stage door; ignorant that it had ever been on it; ignorant that you had presented yourself for ad-

mittance; ignorant that it had been refused; ignorant that such a refusal was without precedent; ignorant that in the man who stopped you you recognised one of the persons lately with me at the Lyceum; ignorant that the doorkeeper was ever in that theatre; ignorant that you never forgive an affront; ignorant that any had been offered; ignorant of when, how, or by whom the list was made out, and equally so by whom it was altered.

Allow me to add that I am quite incapable of offering any discourtesy to a gentleman I have barely the pleasure of knowing, and, moreover, have no power whatever to interfere with Mr. Smith's arrangements or disarrangements; and, with this wholesale admission of ignorance, incapacity, and impotence, believe me, faithfully yours,

C. T. MATHEWS.

It is impossible not to envy Mr. McCarthy his innumerable fine contacts with men and women whose names will not quickly die, and with men and women who had their unimportant day. But our admiration of the qualities Mr. McCarthy depicts extends to those he possesses. For, certainly, this is a budget of kindness.

The Vext Philippines.

The Philippines and Round About. By Major G. J. Young-husband. With Illustrations and Map. (Macmillans. 8s. 6d.)

THE Philippines were discovered in 1521 and at once became a bone of contention. For though by the award of the papal Solomon the world had been divided, east and west, between Spain and Portugal, it was not always easy to determine where east left off and west began. In the end Spain had the better of the dispute, and settled down steadily to misgovern the Filipino race for the next 300 years. With a brief interlude: for from October 6, 1762, to February 10 of the following year the islands were British property. The Government of George III. handed them back, like small change across the counter, under the terms of the Peace of Paris; and the Spaniards put up a merry monolith to celebrate their triumph and the prowess of Simon Anda.

The insurrection of 1896 is attributed to three causes. They are: (1) the system of extortion practised by the Spanish officials; (2) the unequal incidence of the burden of taxation; and (3) the gross lives and intolerable tyranny of the clergy (with the honourable exception of the Jesuits). With the leader of the insurrection, the self-proclaimed first president of the Philippine Republic, the author had the privilege of an interview.

Aginaldo is a young man of only twenty-nine years of age, stands about 5 ft. 4 in. in height, is slightly built, and was dressed in a coat and trousers of drab tussore silk. He is a pure Philippine native, though showing a slight trace of Chinese origin; of dark complexion, and much pock-marked. His face is square and determined, the lower lip protruding markedly. On the whole, a man of pleasant demeanour, even-tempered, and with strong characteristics. Slow of speech, and perhaps also of thought, his past career has hall-marked him as a man of prompt decision and prompt action.

Against the insurrection the Spanish authorities took stern measures. Martial law was proclaimed, and at Manila 169 persons suspected of disaffection were thrust into a dungeon that had its one air-hole boarded over to keep out the rain. Fifty-four died in the night, and the survivors were shot in the morning. Such drastic remedies proving ineffectual, General Polavieja was superseded; and on Christmas Day arrived Primo de Rivera with his pockets full of money—\$2,000,000. He distributed it among the insurgent leaders, except some two-thirds, which went by way of commission in other directions; then "with great pleasure" he announced to the authorities at home that "the principal leaders of

the insurrection had laid down their arms and cheered three times for Spain, the King, and peace," upon which he made his smiling way home. A pacification arranged upon this basis was not likely to last; and under Davila the old methods were employed to suppress a new rising. And then a side wind from Cuba brought Dewey in search of the Spanish fleet.

When Major Younghusband arrived at Manila on October 10 of last year the place was in the hands of the Americans, and the newcomers were busy in cleaning up after three hundred years of neglect, corruption, and squalor. The author's outspoken description of the domestic habits of its former occupants for the last three centuries leaves no doubt as to the horrors of the task which the new municipality found themselves called upon to undertake. Indeed, that the place should not have been laid desolate long since suggests that the boastful bacillus is, after all, but a feeble folk. (But that is not sufficient to justify a self-respecting major in such a comment as this: "Poor old Peter up aloft must have a heavy job with the Dons before they are fit for admission through the golden gates.") The force in occupation has already four newspapers of its own, and Major Younghusband often "found the paragraphs and advertisements very amusing":

"Holy Gee!" exclaims one organ, "200 new subscribers in one hour! Walk in, boys; beer ain't in it with newspapers! Dump down your dollars, and secure an intellectual feast for one month anyhow." But the beer man is not to be defeated, for on the back of the same paper he holds out most inviting suggestions of celestial bliss to those who drink his beer, thus: "Beware of microbes! The little demons that down a strong man! There's NO MICROBES in S—'s beer, and don't you forget it. If by accident a microbe should fall into S—'s beer, he would reform and become an ANGEL. Who would not be an Angel?"

Together with their spirit of journalistic and commercial enterprise, these citizen soldiers have brought with them, from the sacred presence of their "souvenir girls," that spirit of chivalry by which their nation is distinguished among the nations of the earth. From these unwashed tatterdemalions Mrs. Younghusband received a kind of homage as she passed along the streets. Various of them from whom she accepted aid in her quest of photographs were proud men that day. And a remarkably successful search it was.

Of the native population the author has but a low opinion. He ranks them below even the Dyaks of Borneo. His recommendation, therefore, as to the future government of the islands is that the Americans should adopt a system of forced labour, modelled upon that which, with excellent results, the Dutch employ in Java; for, says he, by way of justification of the proposed infringement of the principle of free labour, "compared with the European or American standard of intelligence and civilisation, the inhabitants are but as infants alongside a grown man." As a preliminary step—oblivious, apparently, of the scorn he poured out upon poor Rivera's policy of doles—he recommends, as likely to prove cheapest in the end, the buying off of Aguinaldo and other leaders of the insurrection.

Upon the whole, the book, as a bit of journalism, is bright and readable. Major Younghusband has a sharp eye and a nimble pen; and by his military training and wide experience he is qualified to judge both of the nature and the circumstances of the problem. It is one upon the solution of which, at the present moment, a good deal is thought to depend.

A King's Favourite.

Piers Gaveston. By Walter Phelps Dodge. (Fisher Unwin. 12s.)

WE agree with Mr. Dodge that his study of "one who had been practically Dictator of England" forms an interesting and valuable "footnote to history." Politically, Piers Gaveston was a butterfly crushed on the wheel of the long struggle between the King and the Barons of England. Personally, he is a brilliant and picturesque figure on the mediæval page. Mr. Dodge's careful portrait of the man, drawn from the contemporary records, will afford useful material for the future historian of the fourteenth century.

Piers Gaveston was in all probability the son of one Arnold de Gaveston, a Gascon knight in the service of Edward the First, whose tomb has been quite recently identified with that in the cathedral of Winchester formerly supposed to belong to William de Foix. The lad was brought up in the household of the young Prince Edward of Carnarvon, "upon whose affections in tract of time," says Dugdale, "he so much gained by humouring him in such sensual delights, whereunto youth is naturally inclined, that he guided and governed him according to his own vile humour." He seems to have been from the beginning an unscrupulous adventurer; but he had the temperament that fits for courts, was handsome, witty and accomplished, and easily acquired an influence over the weak and luxurious prince. The accounts of the comptroller of Edward's household show that the two led a gay and luxurious life, travelling to the Scottish wars with a lion and a troupe of Genoese fiddlers, and a sumptuous equipment which included "three silver forks *pur mangier poires*" for the especial use of the dainty Piers. Edward, however, had his father, one of the greatest of English kings, to reckon with, and these boyish revels were broken in upon by a stern order excluding Gaveston from the princely Court. He found his way back, but soon led Edward into fresh trouble. Apparently the two broke into the Bishop of Chester's park. Edward is said to have been imprisoned, and Gaveston was certainly banished from the realm. In a few weeks the old king was dead, and one of the first acts of his successor was to recall the favourite and to make him Earl of Cornwall. He became, says a chronicler, "noble, liberal and gentil in summe fashions, but often ful of pride and disdayne, of the which the nobles of England tooke great dispite." The King married him to his niece, the "elegant virgin," Margaret de Clare, and from 1307 to his final fall, in 1312, he was practically the chief man in the country. This period was, however, broken by intervals during which the growing anger of the Barons compelled Edward to go through the form of sending him into a brief and perfunctory exile. During one of these periods he was made Governor of Ireland, and, as he was by no means a coward, achieved real success in arms. It does not appear that Gaveston made any attempt to upset, for the King's benefit, the constitutional settlement arrived at by Edward the First. The problems of government interested him little. His desire was only to live wantonly, and to feather his nest for the inevitable day of disgrace. He succeeded in sending some £100,000 out of the country to a place of security, and induced the King to give him not only his father's royal jewels, but also a sum of £32,000 set aside for the succour of the Holy Land. The hostility of the nobles to him must be ascribed partly to the strain which his extravagance and greed put upon the finances of the country; partly to the fact that he was a foreigner, and filled the Court with Gascons like himself; and partly to the insolence with which he personally treated them. His French wit found a ready butt in the great dignitaries of the Council. He gave them all nicknames. Thomas of Lancaster was "the Buffoon," the stout Earl of Lincoln was "Burst-Belly," and the swarthy

Earl of Warwick "the Black Dog of Arden." Now, an English noble cannot stand ridicule, and at last Gaveston's victims took the matter into their own hands. In 1311 Ordinances were passed by the Parliament, taking the government out of the King's hands, and once more expelling the favourite. These were reluctantly signed by Edward, and Gaveston left England. After Christmas he had the audacity to return. The Barons raised an army, and Gaveston surrendered to them at Scarborough Castle. Pledges were given him which his captors had no intention of keeping. It does not seem certain that he ever got a trial. He was beheaded "by a certain Briton" at Gaversyk, near Warwick, and buried by the Dominicans of Oxford. An inscription on a rock marks the place of his execution, and someone has erected an unnecessary monument. Mr. Dodge sums up his narrative thus:

So died Piers Gaveston, faithful to his King, but faithful to naught else. Forgetful of his station and its duties, execrated by many, he remains, in spite of grievous faults, a fascinating personality. There are few instances in history of such wasted opportunities and talents so misused.

This appears to us to be taking a common *chevalier d'industrie* somewhat too seriously. The graces of the ante-chamber and a certain knack at the sword-play are hardly sufficient to make up "a fascinating personality." Station or duties, in England at least, Gaveston had none, except such as he had wormed himself into; and, although there may be something to be said for the fidelity of Edward to his favourite, the fidelity of the favourite to Edward was but that of the horse-leech to the vein.

Other New Books.

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY, 1795-1895.

BY RICHARD LOVETT.

This work, consisting of two very thick volumes, is the record of a century's work by the greatest missionary society in the world. The author has had a long and wearisome task. He says with much frankness: "Friends of the Society have from time to time expressed to him their gladness in anticipation of the volumes. If their joy in studying them is but a tithe as keen as his in saying farewell to them he will be amply repaid for all his toil."

An enormous and impressive budget! The pedigree of the London Missionary Society goes back to 1788, when Carey began his endeavours to rouse the Baptists. Five years later he succeeded, and was himself sent to India. The seed thus sown fell on good ground. Meetings were held, pamphlets written, and there was running to and fro. At length, on September 22, 1795, at Spa Fields Chapel, belonging to the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, more than two hundred ministers assembled to constitute the new society, which was called "The Missionary Society." Mr. Lovett recounts the origin and the early aims and administration of the Society with great care, and then proceeds to detail its work in Polynesia (whither its first missionaries went), South Africa, Matabeleland, Central Africa, and Madagascar. This closes the first volume. The second is devoted to India, China, and some almost forgotten missions in Canada, Malta, Mauritius, &c. Lastly, the later home administration of the Society, from 1821 to 1895, is carefully described. With justice we are reminded that the work of the Society has been frequently interwoven with great political movements, and that "the work of Vanderkemp, Philip, Moffat, and Livingstone in Africa has profoundly influenced the colonial policy of Great Britain toward native races."

One, and that a trifling, criticism we shall make. Mr. Lovett says that "the first quarter of the eighteenth

century was one of the worst periods in the religious history of the English people." True, but Mr. Lovett adds: "Men like Swift and Sterne could find a place in the Anglican Church." Which is not a felicitous remark. It remains to say that this book is indispensable to every student and well-wisher of missionary enterprise. Its numerous portraits of missionaries are an interesting feature. (Frowde. 2 vols. 17s. 6d.)

CROMWELL AS A SOLDIER. BY LIEUT.-COL. T. S. BALDOCK.

We have here the fifth volume of the "Wolseley" series. The military side of Cromwell's genius is hardly recognised by the ordinary Englishman; yet in Germany it has found a student in Captain von Hoenig, whose biography of Cromwell is so good that it was at first proposed to translate it for this series. It is well, however, that Captain Walter James decided to commission an English military expert to write a new and original study of the fighting Cromwell. Lieut.-Col. Baldock has spared no pains to make his book complete. His subject is, indeed, one to inspire an ardent industry. Who could write carelessly of Cromwell—above all, of the Cromwell who, being himself an untrained civilian, turned farmers and shopkeepers into soldiers, into the finest army of his age, and led it through campaigns of organised victory? In his last chapter Lieut.-Col. Baldock gives us a masterly summary of Cromwell's whole military achievement. We have space for only a short extract from the pages in which Cromwell's self-acquired generalship is under discussion:

Even when surrounded by all the turmoil of a cavalry fight Cromwell never lost his presence of mind or his control over his troops, and in conducting a campaign he never lost grasp on the situation of affairs. With unerring judgment he suited his strategy to the conditions of the case. He knew when to dare, when to forbear. Possessing the utmost confidence both in his army and in himself, he seldom stayed to count heads if the circumstances of the case were favourable to attack. And his blow was struck with his full force—no uncertain sparring, no half measures. Yet he was no rash, reckless Hotspur, driving headlong against his enemy whenever met. When in 1648 he advanced to meet Hamilton's invading army the fate of the Parliament was trembling in the balance. All England watched with eager eyes the result of the conflict. Defeat or even delay meant the ruin of the Independent party. Opposed by odds of two to one, Cromwell, without a moment's hesitation, flung his small force against his enemy's flank and rear, forcing him to fight a decisive battle. When in 1651 Prince Charles brought another Scottish army across the Border Cromwell knew that the danger was comparatively small. Having brought the Prince to bay by a vigorous pursuit, he deliberately waited till all avenues of escape were closed before advancing to the attack. So, too, in the Dunbar campaign, so long as Leslie refused him a fair chance of fighting, he restrained his impatience for battle. But the moment the opportunity offered for closing with his enemy, no thoughts of inferior numbers checked the swiftness and force of the blow.

The book, like its fellows in the "Wolseley" series, is admirably produced, with maps and index. Decidedly it will fill a gap in English libraries. (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.)

A BRITISH RIFLEMAN. EDITED BY LIEUT.-COL. W. VERNER.

This book is a very striking human document. The twenty-seven letters it contains reveal to us the private and soldierly qualities of Major George Simmons, a British officer who passed through the Napoleonic wars. It is also a valuable record of the early work of the regiment of Rifles (the 95th) which saw more fighting in the Peninsula than any other in the British Army. To the Peninsula young George Simmons went in May, 1809. His first letter to his parents was written at Hythe, and it began:

The long-wished-for day has come at last. I am this morning marching, with as fine a body of men as ever left England, for Dover, where we embark. I believe a great

army will accompany us. Our destination is a profound secret, and as I am not inquisitive it gives me little concern; I daresay I shall soon enough see some diversion. The rumour goes, Austria or Portugal. Our men are in very high spirits, and we have a most excellent band of music and thirty bugle-horns, which through every country village strikes up the old tune, "Over the hills and far away."

The young fellow who wrote this was not, as might be imagined, joining the army solely for love of glory and gunpowder. George Simmons was a steady-minded youth in a large family, and he took his commission in the Rifles with the idea of supporting his parents and assisting the education of his brothers and sisters. As Lieut.-Col. Verner remarks, such an enterprise would be laughable nowadays; but in those days it was practicable to an unselfish and vigorous young fellow like George Simmons. And so we have in these letters, so long withheld, a wonderfully human mixture of statements and emotions; accounts of wounds, and comments on sister Ann's spelling; opinions of generals, and advice to his parents to see to Charley's Latin. In his direst extremities George managed to send money and good counsel to his people at home. Of stirring battle-talk there is plenty. Thus after Badajos:

I saw my poor friend Major O'Hare lying dead upon the breach. Two or three musket balls had passed through his breast. A gallant fellow, Sergeant Flemming, was also dead by his side, a man who had always been with him. I called to remembrance poor O'Hare's last words just before he marched off to lead the advance. He shook me by the hand, saying, "A lieutenant-colonel or cold meat in a few hours."

No portrait of Simmons is given—perhaps none exists. (A. & C. Black. 10s. 6d.)

RAMBLES WITH NATURE STUDENTS. BY MRS. BRIGHTWEN.

Mrs. Brightwen's new book is divided between the months. Out of her abundant and delightful knowledge, she tells her readers what birds and buds and insects and flowers to look for in their country rambles. She pleads for Eyes against No-Eyes. And she tells her readers to put aside the idea that nature is remote and inaccessible. Her own residence, the centre of all her minute studies, is but twelve miles from Charing Cross, and she justly points out that there is a peculiar pleasure in finding treasures in unlikely localities. Thus, Mrs. Brightwen writes:

Having on one occasion to wait a whole hour on a pouring wet day at Bedford railway station, I determined to see if I could collect anything to while away the time. Things looked very unpromising outside the station; new houses in the act of being built, heaps of sand and mortar, and plenty of mud everywhere, seemed hopeless enough; but a bare patch of common, across which ran a newly gravelled road, caught my eye; there might be possibilities in the gravel, so I made my way to the new road, and before long I had the pleasure of finding there several rare fossils, pieces of chalcedony and jasper, a shell impression, and sundry other treasures; so, in spite of rain and wind, my waiting hour passed, not only without weariness, but in positive enjoyment.

There we see the true naturalist. For each month a number of observations are suggested. An admirable little book for mothers wishing to guide their children to the love of nature; indeed, an admirable little guide for all who are weary of bricks and mortar. (Religious Tract Society.)

MY ROSES AND HOW I GREW THEM. BY HELEN MILMAN.

Miss Milman (Mrs. Caldwell Crofton) is known for her pretty book *In the Garden of Peace*, and by certain short stories of children. Here she is more practical. The little manual, however, does not fill any particular place, for the author's knowledge of roses is limited to a very

few varieties, and those almost entirely tea-roses, and her counsel has not the practical ring which one looks for in a horticultural guide. Miss Milman states that she wrote this work because all books on the subject are "very long and difficult to understand, and so technical." She has not, we fear, superseded them. (John Lane. 1s. 6d.)

A COCKNEY IN ARCADIA.

BY H. A. SPURR.

This is a work of resolute facetiousness. To us it never succeeds in being funny; but that is, perhaps, because we have been spoiled by better things. Upon a virgin palate it may strike gratefully. This is the kind of humour:

Just look at that bee, bumbling and grumbling round and round the shrubs. See him go to a cup, and, with unsteady legs clinging the while to the surrounding furniture, drink off its contents at a gulp, then clamber recklessly over leaf and stalk until he can get another drink. The shocking condition of his nerves can be seen by the trembling of the leaves. Note, please, how he lurches across the way, sideways and staggering, to have "just another cup."

"Hallo, Clemmy, my boy!" you can hear him stammer with a hiccup, to a passer-by in as disgraceful a condition as himself; "mornin'. Jus' (hic) going t'bizness."

"No'sense," says Number Two; "if you don't take weaklass whiskynwor before beginning day's work (hic), when do you take weaklass whiskynwor?"

And they go off together to the nearest blossom.

Late in the proceedings of a smoking-concert selections from this work might, we can believe, be popular. The book is illustrated in a becoming manner. (George Allen. 3s. 6d.)

INTERLUDES, THIRD SERIES.

BY HORACE SMITH.

Every now and then it is Mr. Smith's agreeable custom to collect his stray verses and pertinent thoughts into a slender volume. Three such volumes already exist—*Interludes, First Series*; *Interludes, Second Series*; and *Poems*. Now we have *Interludes, Third Series*. The new book is as sage and genial as its forerunners. The essays on "The Employment of Leisure" and "The Possibilities and Vicissitudes of Man" are wealthy in good stories and historical parallels. Most of Mr. Smith's verses are reprinted from *Punch*. His parodies are sometimes very happy, this treatment of "Who is Sylvia?" being one of the best we have met with:

THE LAY OF THE BIMETALLIST.

Who is Silver? What is she,
That all our swells commend her?
Very bright and fair is she—
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That adopted she might be!—
That adopted she might he!

Then if Silver plays such tricks,
Or Gold is always changing,
So that none their price can fix,
From par to premium ranging,
Let us both together mix!—
Let us both together mix!

Altogether, Mr. Smith's volume makes for pretty amusement. It is an excellent example of work done by a gentleman who writes with ease. (Macmillan.)

THE "TEMPLE" EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

To this convenient and dainty series *The Talisman* and *The Betrothed* have just been added. The frontispiece of the former is a view of John Knox's house in the Canon-gate, Edinburgh, in which, says the editor, it has been proved that Knox could not have lived. In the latter we have Raeburn's 1808 portrait of Scott. (Dent. 1s. 6d.)

Fiction.

The Mandate. By T. Baron Russell.
(John Lane. 6s.)

THERE is much merit in this novel, which is as good as sincerity, dexterity, and high literary conscientiousness can make it. Mr. Russell is a realist, and he has an artist's careful regard for the dignity of fiction and of his native tongue. We look upon him as at the beginning of a career, with his imagination scarcely yet at full heat and his style still in the making. That he has distinguished promise, and that that promise will not be sterilised by the mere carelessness which seems to be so rife in modern letters, is quite certain.

The "mandate" is hypnotic. Mr. St. Kelvin, a financial journalist, and his wife, were an ill-assorted pair: the husband a mere glutton, the wife a refined woman of strong individuality. Horace Massie, novelist and critic, was a man of culture and delicacy who could and did appreciate Mrs. St. Kelvin. At the journalist's request, Massie tried the experiment of hypnotising him, and succeeded. Presently Mrs. St. Kelvin was on such terms with her husband's acquaintance that she could ask him to "suggest" hypnotically to St. Kelvin that the latter should give up alcohol. The plan succeeded to a marvel, and St. Kelvin was saved from being a drunkard. But, missing the accustomed stimulus, his nerves fell to pieces; he grew morose and violent, and ill-treated his wife till she was compelled to leave him. By this time the lady and Massie had avowed to each other a mutual passion. St. Kelvin discovered that Massie had "influenced" him, and demanded ferociously that his influence should be removed. Massie complied; he put the man into a hypnotic trance and lifted the ban against alcohol. He did more; he said, "You will die to-morrow," and St. Kelvin died. Then Massie married Mrs. St. Kelvin, but the Nemesis of remorse was upon him, and continual hallucinations of St. Kelvin's presence drove him into lunacy.

The plot, so stated, appears luridly melodramatic, but it is treated with fine restraint and admirable truth to life. The characterisation is firm, original, and within the modesty of nature. There are no inexpensive "effects." Indeed, Mr. Russell, in one crucial place, boggles at his own deeds. Having brought about St. Kelvin's death, in a manner perfectly convincing, he proceeds to suggest to the reader that perhaps that death was after all a mere coincidence. Such artistic timidity, we need hardly say, is gravely wrong, and it imperils the whole force of the book.

In conclusion, we should like to warn Mr. Russell against certain mannered familiarities towards the reader. What is to be said, to take an instance, of an author who addresses us thus: "I have mentioned, *probably*, Massie's instinctive repudiation of friendship"? The adverb is an impertinence—minute, but inexcusable.

A Semi-Detached Marriage. By Arabella Kenealy.
(Hutchinson & Co. 6s.)

DR. ARABELLA KENEALY'S new book is a problem-novel naked and unashamed. What will happen when a husband and wife elect to keep separate establishments, meeting each other occasionally as impulse dictates? The question is somewhat distant from the actuality of life, but it was capable of serious treatment, and we quite believe that the author meant to treat it seriously. She has, however, so obscured the main issue with accidental circumstances that the effect is, practically, to destroy it. Between Sir Latimer Cozle and Celia no sort of marriage, semi-detached or otherwise, could have been successful. Sir Latimer displayed himself as a cad from the start, and

in failing to perceive his deficiencies Celia acted not as a woman, but as the conventional heroine of fiction. Further, the mechanism by which Celia is freed from Sir Latimer and enabled to marry her late father's partner in the dynamite business is, to be polite, antique. Such a terrific coincidence and such apt melodramatic punishment as are here employed have become impossible even in library fiction.

Not that we would class *A Semi-Detached Marriage* with library fiction. It is surprisingly good in places. The early relations between Celia and the partner are admirably clever, and the elaborate ritual of precaution practised in the dynamite factory is several times used with real ingenuity and excellent dramatic effect. The style is alert, piquant, and clever, especially in portraiture. Here, for instance, is a little picture of Celia:

Celia, having breakfasted early, descended the steps of her handsome home and, seating herself in her neat dog-cart, drove off briskly, with that disregard for the nimble limbs and entirety of her groom characteristic of smart driving.

She wore a loose coat and a tight skirt, and a general air of emancipation. Nevertheless her hair was dressed charmingly, and the pretty crape toque, perched amid its ruddy coils, together with the knot of mourning chiffons at her throat, proclaimed the fact that her emancipation did not stand for mannishness.

Her cheeks were painted with the red of resolution, the curves of her mouth were straightened in a line of firmness, though they parted at intervals upon a breath which in spite of her panted from an agitated bosom. Her eyes radiated sparkles as of pleased anticipation struck on a tinder of diffidence. She drove with a somewhat nervous hand and appeared to be in a hurry, though, in point of fact, she had abundance of time.

Celia is attractive; so is the partner; but Sir Latimer is offensive without being alive. The other characters are neatly sketched.

Following a deplorable and inexcusable modern custom, Miss Kenealy takes a scene from the middle of her story, sticks it at the beginning, and labels it "Prologue." Why? This particular scene should occur somewhere after p. 165, and to put it elsewhere is merely to mystify the reader.

Unholy Matrimony. By John Le Breton.
(John Macqueen. 6s.)

THE hero of Mr. Le Breton's novel was an East End curate named David Collier, who married a barmaid because on the occasion of a school treat he and she had lost themselves together and missed the last train home. Rose took to drink, brought about the death of their child, and with an inebriate's sullen obstinacy set herself to ruin David's career. He was forced to leave the Church, and became a minor clerk in the shipping firm of which the principal members were his own father, his brother, and one Richard Gurdon. The last was an old man, the passion of whose life was his daughter Anne. Anne and Rose are brought into contact to the detriment of the former, and then Gurdon, in a mood of murderous resentment, takes Rose out to sea in a boat, and that is the end of those two and of the book. What happens to Anne and David is not stated, but the reader may guess.

Unholy Matrimony is a sombre story, with a prevailing atmosphere which discloses the influence of Mr. George Gissing upon the author. Regarded technically, it is a creditable and even meritorious performance; but it has weaknesses: the worst of these lies in the opening crucial incident. That affair of missing the last train, with its consequences of scandal, has been a stock feature in English fiction for forty years. Some novelists (for example, Mrs. Humphry Ward) have contrived, by a lavish expenditure of ingenuity, to make it pass muster. Mr. Le Breton has not done so.

The book is well written, with the exception of the dialogue, which lacks verisimilitude. Here is one instance from scores :

I have been intending to have a quiet talk with you for some months past; but then, again, I have tried to hope that, after all, it might be unnecessary, and I could not bear to darken your young life.

The modern father, even when announcing total ruin, does not talk to his son in that way. Of course the average novel is made up of such conversations; but Mr. Le Breton's is not an average novel. Mr. Le Breton has aimed at truthfulness, and it appears to us that he has genuine possibilities.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

GERALD FITZGERALD.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

A belated story by the gay Irish novelist, the author of *Harry Lorrequer*. The publisher accounts for the delay by the fact that the tale was running as a serial in the *Dublin University Magazine* at the time of the editor's death and the transfer of the periodical, and Lever's wish to save trouble and complications led him to disregard republication. But why he did not include it in his collected works some years later is not known. *Gerald Fitzgerald* is a Jacobite story, with Italy for background. (Downey & Co. 6s.)

I, THOU, AND THE OTHER ONE. BY AMELIA E. BARR.

A love-story by this popular writer. Mrs. Barr has gone chiefly to Scotland for her local colour, but here we have Yorkshire and the dales. Here is a sentiment from this pretty homely idyll: "'Mothering' is a grand old word for a quality. God can teach man as well as woman." The book is illustrated. (Unwin. 6s.)

THE DAY OF RECOMPENSE. BY SILAS K. HOCKING.

The latest fruit of Mr. Hocking's prolific pen is a love story, with adventures, a missing heir, and various little villainies. But at the last "Kitty sang, while Roger turned over the leaves." (Warne & Co. 3s. 6d.)

CROMWELL'S OWN.

BY ARTHUR PATERSON.

Mr. Paterson, who once used to describe ranche life realistically, seems to have taken to historical romance. His new book is a novel based on Oliver Cromwell's private and public life, and it opens in June, 1640. The religious and military sides of the Protector's character are brought into relief. (Harpers. 6s.)

A GENTLEMAN FROM THE RANKS.

BY H. B. FINLAY KNIGHT.

A bright story with a flavour of soldiering. The heroine, Georgie Lepel, is a very engaging young person, full of surprises, and her adventures and misfortunes dominate the book, which bears as its motto Mr. Kipling's stanza:

Then I come 'ome in a trooper,
'Long of a kid o' sixteen—
Girl from a convent at Meerut,
The straightest I ever 'ave seen.
Love at first sight was 'er trouble,
She didn't know what it were;
An' I wouldn't do such, 'cause I liked 'er too much,
But—I learned about women from her.

(A. & C. Black. 6s.)

NORRINGTON LE VALE.

BY J. G. LYALL.

The author of that very horsey and rollicking book, *The Merry Gee-Gee*, noticed by us some months ago, has broken the "violent but well-intentioned promise" which he then made not to "inflict," &c. But as the public were kind, and the author was not on his "Bible oath," he "wafts" this racing novel to his readers. Another horsey, rollicking work it is, in which moneylending and racing go hand in hand with better things. (White & Co. 6s.)

MARIANNA, AND OTHER STORIES. BY GEORGETTE AGNEW.

In the Prologue, Paris. A distracted mother lays her baby daughter at the door of a convent. The love story which explains and expands this action is sunny reading. The characters are young and are both French and English, and the smell of roses and the chime of convent bells accompany the action. Two other stories follow; but *Marianna* is almost long enough to stand alone. (Burleigh. 6s.)

DEFENDER OF THE FAITH.

BY FRANK MATHEW.

The Defender of the Faith is Henry VIII., for this is a historical novel. On the third page the Duke of Northumberland is seen on his way to arrest Cardinal Wolsey; and subsequently we meet Anne Boleyn, here called Bullen. The author, who has for the time being abandoned his Irish subjects, confesses to having read up a number of contemporary documents; and he gives three illustrations after Holbein. (Lane. 6s.)

FRIVOLITIES.

BY RICHARD MARSH.

Mr. Marsh's *métier* is melodrama, but to "Those Who Are Tired of Being Serious" he offers these twelve short stories. In the one we have chanced to read a green-grocer's man acts as a waiter. He imagines that all high hats are collapsible, and carefully squeezes some dozen or two silk "high 'ats" flat by pressing them against his chest. This story would hardly dissipate one-twelfth of our own seriousness; but there are better things in the book. (Bowden. 6s.)

A LASS OF LENNOX.

BY JAMES STRANG.

This novel is laid in the Vale of Lennox, on the West Coast of Scotland. Love and murder and ministry. "The carrion crows of gossip perch patiently on every house and cottage ridge in the Vale of Lennox. Their food comes oozing up the chimneys with the smoke." The story is well packed and alive, and the dialect, though plentiful, is not difficult. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

ROBESPIERRE.

BY ANGE GOLDEMAR.

This is M. Sardou's play novelised. M. Sardou approved the design; and the novel will be read with pleasure for its own sake, and because it makes an excellent guide to the play at the Lyceum Theatre. (C. A. Pearson, Ltd. 6s.)

A DASH FOR A THRONE. BY ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT.

The hero, Count von Rudloff, is a dead man. That is to say, his death has been announced and his funeral conducted with the pomp of a German court. He had struck his future emperor, and had begged his friend, Dr. Mein, to give him death, and the doctor had deceived him and the world. With this initiatory complication we set out on a tale of political adventure, intrigue, treachery, and love. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

LESSER DESTINIES.

BY SAMUEL GORDON.

A novel of East End life by the author of *A Handful of Exotics*. The hero, who is not a hero except by reason of occupying a prominent position, is Joshua Jupp. "What I looks for in a man fust go," says Josh, "is shivilry; open hand comes second, and the rest of the virtues can toss for it." Joshua himself is neither chivalrous nor open-handed—and hence the story. (Murray. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

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Francis Adams.

SOME five years after his death the posthumous *Essays in Modernity* of Francis Adams are at length published. The volume waited, I understand, for an Introduction by Mr. Frank Harris, who was intimate with its author; but apparently it waited in vain, and the long delay has been futile. This is a pity, for had it been issued promptly the book might have gained the attention which its intrinsic merits deserve. Now, I fear, it will obtain but scant regard. The general public cares little to be reminded of names which it has forgotten. As for the other public, the public which is not "general," possibly it may be induced to make the appearance of these *Essays* the occasion of a last glance at a wistful and tragic figure already dipping below the horizon of fame. For the most ardent admirers of Francis Adams—and with some he was a creed—must reconcile themselves to the fact that, despite his superb promise, despite his passionate endeavour and noble sincerity, despite the esteem and praise of distinguished critics, his fate will be oblivion. Posterity reckes nought of promise or of distinguished critics: it will take nothing but actual masterpieces as the price of its notice. And Adams, through little fault of his own, achieved no masterpiece. A short poem here and there in *Songs of the Army of the Night*; a few excerpts from *Tiberius*, his poetical drama; marvellous chapters in that extraordinary first novel, *A Child of the Age*—these are fine; these might live if they had something to live with, as a small coal will live in a fire. But they are alone, and their own heat is insufficient for them. It seems incredible that all the high and desperate artistic energy of Adams should result, ultimately, in nothing. Yet so it will be; there is no extravagance like Nature's.

High and desperate—these are the adjectives which his energy deserves.

Bury me with clenched hands
And eyes open wide,
For in storm and struggle I lived,
And in struggle and storm I died—

he wrote before he was six-and-twenty. He knew that he could not last, and his activity was feverish accordingly. Proud in his bitterness, scornful of the fate which pursued, he defied the forces arrayed against him. He had his brother's disease, and he had seen his brother expire in agony. "With me," he said, "it shall never come to that." He kept his word, and shot himself when that approached; and a coroner's jury sat upon his corpse. He was incapable of compromise—there lay his chief characteristic. Either he loved or he hated, fiercely. Some things he both loved and hated. Upon England, for example, he heaped every epithet of abuse which his ferocious fancy could invent; and yet, in that impassioned lyric "England, the land that I loved," he answered the question whether he could love her again in some of the grandest lines ever written to a native land:

Never, till expiant
I see You kneel,
And, brandished, gleams aloft
The foeman's steel!
Ah, then to speed, and laugh,
As my heart caught the knife:
"Mother, I love you! Here,
Here is my life!"

He was of the invincible temper which perishes for a cause, the great soul for which no sacrifice is too great. It seems to me, who never knew him, that he must have forsworn art in favour of reform, in one sudden and tremendous determination. That he began solely with the aspirations of the artist, is fairly certain. In the preface to *Songs of the Army of the Night* he refers to himself as "one who was (unhappily) born and bred into the dominant class, and whose chief care and joy in life was in the pursuit of a culture which draws back instinctively from the violent and the terrible." Before he was eighteen he had conceived an English *Comédie Humaine*, and written the first instalment of it, the book now called *A Child of the Age*, a work so surprisingly excellent that later on, even in his coolest moments of self-criticiser, he was wont to call it "damned good." And then, shaking under the most powerful impulse of his life, he turned aside from that ambition and sprang head foremost into "the violent and the terrible." With him regret was impossible, though he could see well enough the pathos of his act—pathos arising from his racial inability ever to become one with "the army of the night." Read his verses "To a Unionist," full of satisfaction and yet of unsatisfied longing:

If you only knew
How gladly I've given it
All these years—
The light of mine eyes,
The heat of my lips,
Mine agonies.

If you only knew
How little I cared for
These other things—
The wide clear view
Over peoples and times,
The search in the new
Entrancing climes,
Science's wings
And Art's sweet chimes.

Oh, my brother, you would not say:
What have you to do with me?

But you would take my hand with your hand,
O my brother, if you only knew;
You would smile at me, you would understand,
You would call me brother as I call you!

In this, the most intimate and the saddest of all his poems, is displayed, I imagine, the real tragedy of Adams's career. His sacrifice was never accepted by those for whom he made it. Nor could it have been, seeing that every instinct of his and of theirs forbade such a coming together. He could vanquish difficulties, even disease, one might say even death, but he could not get over his birth. That remained, and when he yearned to become a brother, he was doomed never to be anything but a friendly alien. At the back of his brain that thought must always have lain in wait for him. One wonders whether he clearly foresaw at the beginning, before he had taken the step, that it would lie in wait for him. Probably so; and if so one's respect for him increases, and in the contemplation of such a splendid and heroic failure one may properly forget the loss which Art sustained when he took up the cause of labour. In Art he could not have failed: he was a born artist, and he was a born critic; he had the critical balance, the critical distaste for extremes; and one can be sure of this, though the bulk of his work is marred by the very defects of violence and terror. *Tiberius*, which he held to be of his best, is distinguished by an exquisite restraint; and the essays on Tennyson, Swinburne, and Kipling in his posthumous volume show the dispassionate, clear-seeing vision which underlay a character apparently tempestuous and wayward.

A frightful existence, judged by common ideals! But one does not pity it. Pity! The idea that he had our

pity would have fatally disturbed him. He stood too high for pity; and high as he stood, he looked higher. Let me finish with the closing sentences of *Democracy: a Dialogue*:

"Oh, no," he cried, "I don't falter, I don't repent—I, with the narrow ideals and the bewildered vision of a desperate hope and a despairing faith. Onward, onward, and upward! Who am I? What am I? What does it matter? The idea is the greatest of our time—the hope the most superb, the faith the most intense. That is enough for me."

Then suddenly:

"Look!" he said, stretching out his hand, his eyes lit, his mouth smiling.

At one steady impulse the sun had surged above the clear horizon line, and soared, huge, round, blazing and glorious, into the thrilling blue of the heavens. . . .

Symbol trite yet magnificent!

E. A. B.

A Great Journalist.

WE translate a portion of an article on Francisque Sarcey, from the pen of M. Theuriot, which appeared in the *Journal* of last Friday:

"*Les jeunes* are becoming ferocious. They have not even waited till Sarcey's bier was lifted to speak their minds, and declare that he hated 'all that is generous and heroic,' and that he ignored the literature of his time.

But who says too much says nothing; and all this wrath savours of spite. The truth is that, in his long career as a critic, Sarcey always showed himself a genuine man of letters, who loved beautiful works, and who strove to understand them even when they disconcerted him at first sight and were repugnant to his palate. His mind was truly French; it was all for clearness, for the light of nature; he detested the jargon that is foisted on the public under the name of "artistry." He wanted the French language to keep those qualities of frankness, brightness, logic, and of wholesomeness that are its glory and raise it above its rivals. He had a weakness for a well-constructed play, and therein he was not wrong. He did not believe in foreign importations, and he only half liked 'the fogs of the Ibsen drama.' Despite the admiration of snobs, he did not believe that these dramas were masterpieces. . . .

M. Sarcey did not hesitate to go back on his opinion if he feared he had been misled. When, after seeing a new work several times, he perceived that his treatment of it had been less than just, he would admit his error with a fine good humour that disarmed the grumblers. That, it will be admitted, was not the mark of a spirit that lacked largeness and generosity. But, it is said, his mind was closed to purely lyrical poetry. He admitted it himself with perfect modesty. But a dramatic critic who has exclusively lyrical sympathies would be a dangerous and untrustworthy judge. At the theatre lyricism is the exception, and the majority of dramatists would have good right to bring against such a judge the accusations levelled by certain poets at M. Sarcey.

As to M. Sarcey's style. It was what it ought to have been, neat, firm, agile, familiar; with flashes of humour that relieved it and seasoned it with Gallic salt. It recalled the manner of the eighteenth century writers, but it had more flow and archness. It was Sarcey. It was healthy, natural, quick, and honest like the man himself. For this critic, who was so smitten by the theatre and good writing, was before all things a good fellow and a loyal journalist. He loved his profession, and, in order that he might have the fullest liberty in his calling, he disdained all trammelling honours and those worldly satisfactions which restrain the expression of the naked truth. He did not aspire to be an Academician, or a *légionnaire*, or a member of any literary society. His sole pleasure was the play; his sole care to satisfy the literary need of the week."

Things Seen.

The Queen.

THE rain had fallen. I arose, passed through the town, and into Hyde Park. The drops still glistened on the tender green of the many trees, and as I walked the sun cast dancing lights on the sward. Then I met the crowd—their backs—for their faces were set towards the ribbon of road along which the Queen would pass. At first the stragglers, nursemaids and their charges, then those who were timorous of the heart of the crowd, and beyond, the black mass—dense, surging, impinging on the ribbon of road. A long line of waiting carriages stretched on my right, for the traffic was stopped till the royal procession should have passed, and there, seated there, was one I knew. "So you saw the Queen on Tuesday!" I said. "And were you nervous?" She shook her head. "It was delightful. I really kissed her hand. As I advanced she looked so tired, I felt quite sorry; but after I had kissed her hand I looked up, our eyes met, and she smiled. It was thrilling. I was *en rapport* with the Queen. Oh, it was a great moment. And you," she added, "have you seen the Queen." I nodded and smiled, for the green of spring was on the trees, the sun was shining, and the gift of life was plain. I said: "It was at the opening of the Imperial Institute. They had given me a seat high up in the high marquee. There I stood—the occasion was too exciting to sit—and for an hour watched the alluring panorama. The place was a blaze of colour. The uniforms, the garments of the Indian princes, the flags, the gay decorations, the dresses of the women—captivated the senses. And all the while a band played joyously, and voices rippled in laughter and talk, and the roar of the multitude outside drummed through all. But it was the eye that captained the senses that day. Never has my vision been so surfeited; and as the place filled, and the Body Guard ranged themselves on either side of the throne, I felt that the appearance of Her Majesty must form a kind of anti-climax, for the tale was told, the eye could hold no more. Whatever of pride, of birth and splendour, of show and richness the world could produce, was there. The ripest stage management could do no more. Then a roar from outside broke into my reverie, trumpets fan-fared, the doors were thrown open, and on the threshold appeared a little old lady in black, who walked with difficulty along the path that led to the throne. In deepest black—a little old lady—quite simple, the simplest body there—Victoria R.I. Oh, it was immense—the effect! The idea! Think of it!"

Enigma.

THE gate opened into a small paddock, and I leaned on it and looked in. It was filled with young creatures: there were colts, gay and graceful, trotting across the grass and flinging their heels for joy of living; there were calves, with mild eyes and moist muzzles, sedate and comfortable; there were hens in the midst of little coveys of yellow chickens. Everything was young and beautiful and rapturous. While I leaned over the gate there drifted into the paddock at the far end a little idle boy. He had a dirty face and dirty, torn clothes. His hands were in his pockets, his look was sullen, and as he passed among the animals he frightened them with shrill noises. And it seemed odd that he alone of this company had a soul.

AH HA!—"When Miss Rhoda Broughton publishes a novel, the right sort of reader cries 'Ah ha!' and prepares to be entertained. *The Game and the Candle* is good enough for me, and for the French, who give Miss Broughton her proper place among our novelists."—Mr. Andrew Lang in "*Longman's*."

Sancho the Proverbialist.

It was Taine who said that there was no volume which he could not reduce to a page, and that page to a sentence, and that sentence to a word. This was extravagant; but there is something in it. Most of us, for example, know of certain obscure books which, in their original form, have had their day, but may by the exercise of compression be made serviceable for a second brief existence. A correspondent, for example, writes:

"Your recent Sancho Panza competition, and the paragraph this week about the Rev. A. B. Nicholls, lead me to note a sort of 'coincidence' that I have among my books, in the shape of a dingy little volume, entitled '*Sancho; or, the Proverbialist*. Second Edition. 1816.'

The story of Sancho the Proverbialist is anonymous, and was written to show 'that a large proportion of the most popular maxims are exceedingly unsafe—that many of them have a strong tendency to create a sordid and selfish character; that our principles of action are to be sought in the Bible; and, finally, that if anyone desires to be singularly happy he has only to pray and to labour to become eminently good.'

The hero of the story is brought up by an old aunt, Winifred, an admirer of the Deists, and 'passionately addicted to proverbs.' Sancho is named after 'at least one half of the title of the illustrious squire of Don Quixote—he being, next to the oracle of Delphos, the greatest originator and promulgator of those sententious sayings in which her heart delighted.' When Sancho is sent to school Aunt Winifred fits him out with a basket of cakes, and a guinea, that is wrapped in a paper inscribed with the priceless maxim: 'Take Care of Number One.' He determines to let his schoolfellows see that he is a boy with a guiding principle, and proceeds to enjoy a solitary banquet of cake before their hungering eyes, while he supports his own dignity, and his aunt's proverb, by devouring three times as much as he would have done under 'less arduous circumstances.' But soon he is surprised 'to hear, as a sort of watchword, the inelegant phrase of "greedy brute" vociferated on every quarter'; they set upon him, thrash him, and carry off the cakes in triumph to the playground. He next exemplifies his maxim by beating a very small and feeble boy. Finally, 'Number One' covets his neighbour's penknife, and is detected in the act of acquiring it unlawfully. The master sends him back to Aunt Winifred with some uncomplimentary remarks on her system of education. Her faith in proverbs remains unshaken, however, and Sancho is sent to another school, with a new proverb to supplement the operation of Number One: 'Do at Rome as they do at Rome.' His careful observance of this rule leads in due course to 'the very honourable appellation of *Sneak*' being conferred upon him by general agreement. The time comes for him to go to the University, and his worthy aunt presents him with a moral code, consisting of four proverbs on religion: 'Many men many minds,' 'Seeing is believing,' 'Never too late to repent,' 'The nearer the Church the further from God'; two on character: 'Nullum numen abest,' &c., which she translates: 'Where prudence is no divinity is absent,' 'An honest man's the noblest,' &c.; and two on the choice of friends: 'A warm enemy makes a warm friend,' 'He is nobody's enemy but his own.' One of his first proceedings on reaching the University is to select a friend accordingly. This acquisition is notoriously idle, vicious, rowdy, dishonest, extravagant, and heartless; but, then, he is also said to be 'a fine fellow, a spirited fellow, a real good fellow, a good-hearted fellow, the best fellow in the world, and (bringing him within the code) "Nobody's enemy but his own!"' The other proverbs are similarly reduced to absurdity. About one-third of the book is devoted to burlesque of this not very artistic sort, and the remainder to expounding the needfulness of religion and the Church of England in particular. Who is the author?

Kipling (Limited).

[A SYNDICATE, it is said, has been formed in America to get complete control in that country of all Mr. Kipling's writings. In commenting thereupon a contemporary asks, Why not Kipling (Limited)? Why not, indeed? The prospectus, we imagine, might run somewhat on the following lines.]

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Arrangements have been made with the Biograph and Mutoscope Company to take living pictures of Mr. Kipling in a variety of daily actions, such as sitting down to his writing-table, alighting from a steamer, reading press

notices, conversing with a recruiting sergeant, and filling in his income tax. These pictures will be exhibited in all the leading cities of England and America, both on the screen and in the penny-in-the-slot machines.

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In addition to such ordinary literary work as novels, short stories, and verses, Mr. Kipling, it is hoped, will agree to write every year no fewer than six strictly private letters on debateable public questions, which shall, in due course, find their way into the public press.

KIPLING (Limited).

A private wire will be affixed between Potsdam and the Company's offices, to facilitate the transmission of telegrams to Mr. Kipling from the German Emperor.

Memoirs of the Moment.

THE Duke of York is about to pay a visit to Lord Clifford of Chudleigh; and there seems to be an echo of ancient days in the announcement. A very close bond united two of their forerunners; for the Duke of York, afterwards James II., and the first Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, were both of them "reconciled" to the Church of Rome at about the same date—a date at which that "reconciliation," so easy to-day, meant proscription, fines, imprisonment, and, if Titus Oates so willed it, death itself. When the Test Act was passed in 1673, men who had suspected the Duke of York and Lord Clifford of being secret Papists had their suspicions confirmed: the Duke of York sacrificed his command of the Navy, and Lord Clifford—despite the entreaty of the King—resigned his post as Lord High Treasurer. As to Clifford, even his friend Evelyn was taken at last by surprise. "I am confident," he wrote, after many talks with Clifford, "that he forbore receiving the Communion more from some promise he had entered into to gratify the Duke than from any prejudice to the Protestant religion." But, a little later, Evelyn knew the truth, for "the test ousted Clifford of the place of Lord Treasurer of England, and of being any longer a Privy Counsellor; who, though a new convert, generously preferred his conscience to his interests." There are a number of documents at Ugbrooke Park bearing on these intimate relations between their ancestors.

A VERY different link between the Cliffords and the Royal House is more familiarly remembered—that, of course, of the intimacy between "Fair Rosamond" Clifford and Henry II.

UNDER the somewhat mixed heading of "The Queen's Favourite Authors and Animals," a daily paper makes the confidence that Her Majesty is an admirer of the Brownings, numbering among her particular pets the verses Miss Barrett wrote at the time of the Accession, "She wept to wear a crown." That admiration, had it been expressed sixty years before, would have given a rare pleasure to the invalid woman in Wimpole-street, who, seven years later, found it in her heart to write of Louis Philippe in a letter to a friend: "He is the noblest king, according to my idea, in Europe—the most royal king in the encouragement of art and literature, and in the honouring of artists and men of letters. Let a young unknown writer accomplish a successful tragedy, and the next day he sits at the king's table. See how different this matter is in our own Court, where the artists are shown up the back stairs, and where no poet, even by the back stairs, can penetrate unless so fortunate as to be a banker also." The allusion is to Rogers, of course, who, all the same, had to lend his Court dress to Wordsworth

before he died. "What is the use," asks Mrs. Browning in conclusion, "of kings and queens in these days except to encourage arts and letters?" The answer is her own, and is unsportsmanlike. "Really," she says, "I cannot see. Anybody can hunt an otter out of a box—who has nerve enough!" So to authors and animals one comes round again by chance at last.

WHILE naming the Brownings, a record may be allowed of a little saying which seems worthy to take its place among the rich store of those recently published to their names. At the time when the son of the poets was beginning his public career as a painter, the surviving parent was full of anxiety as to the effect of his first exhibits. "People expect so much from him, poor fellow," said Mr. Browning to the present writer, "because he had a clever mother."

THE Oratory at Brompton, which has this week kept with semi-private festivities its golden jubilee, is one of the largest churches in London, but it is also, in its way, a centre of activities that have counted something in literature as well as in religious life. Just fifty years ago the Oratory was planted in London—first of all in King William-street, Strand—by Faber, who had already dabbled in verse, had taken the Newdigate prize at Oxford and, when he took orders in the Anglican Church, had called forth from Wordsworth the remark: "He may be right, but England has lost a poet." Newman, though staying in Birmingham, at the Oratory he had founded there, delivered in King William-street a course of lectures which brought Charlotte Brontë and Thackeray, for the nonce, into the congregation. The removal to the present site at South Kensington was soon effected; and there, at popular services each night, are sung those hymns of Faber which find echoes in churches of all denominations—such hymns as "O Paradise" and "The Pilgrims of the Night." There, too, are treasured in the library of the Fathers the manuscripts of devotional books, such as "All for Jesus," which Faber wrote at the speed of one a year, and which, besides becoming the most popular works of their class among his English-speaking co-religionists, have been translated into nearly all the languages of Christendom.

THERE is this sentence in a letter written to a friend by Tennyson in 1852, just after his appointment to be Poet Laureate: "Charles Weld sent my poem to the *Times*, but the *Times* ignores it." Never mind, a fault can be repented of and repaired, for on the Queen's birthday the verses of the present Poet Laureate had their heading as the attraction of the *Times*' poster!

THE prediction, made last week, that the *Daily Telegraph* would speedily follow the *Daily Mail* in the withdrawal of its Sunday edition, has been rapidly fulfilled. It is a great victory, partly, no doubt, for the people called Sabatarians, but most of all for the Six-workdays' party. The *Observer* and the *Sunday Times* go on, unmolested by threats, boycottings, or hostile resolutions. They had a fight, no doubt, when two papers were sent forth by millionaires to be not merely their rivals, but the rivals of each other. For that fight they are now likely to be rewarded by the patronage of a certain number of persons who have now learned to read a Sunday sheet.

MR. F. C. GOULD'S "Political Natural History" series in the *Westminster Gazette* contains some happy drawings and legends. This week we have "The Great Seal" (Phoca Halsburya). Beneath the caricature is this legend: "The Great Seal, although so called, is really small; but he is round. He is very intelligent, and is extremely kind to all his kin. It does not matter whether the water is hot or cold; he is always cheerful."

Correspondence.

St. Paul and Sir Alfred Lyall.

SIR,—I fear lest, like Robespierre, I become *embêtant avec mon Être suprême*, among savages and barbaric peoples. The least unlikely theory of his origin, as I think, is that of St. Paul. Having the idea of "making" and of "a maker," many races hit on the idea of a maker in general, though to that idea they were far from constant. It is only a guess, like another; and the problem can never be settled, because we can never know what man's mental powers really were when he hit on a conception which is not monotheism, but may be the germ of monotheism.

However, I may call a more recent witness than St. Paul, and a witness who has paid more attention to anthropology than did the Apostle: I mean Sir Alfred Lyall. In the second volume of his *Asiatic Studies* (just published), Sir Alfred speaks of Miss Kingsley's observations on the African god "who originally created the world and all that it contains," but who is now otiose, as is usual in barbaric theology. Sir Alfred says: "He is evidently the Final Cause invented to explain phenomenal existence, as a house implies an architect." He is not a deified ancestor. "We must accept Miss Kingsley's conclusion . . . that West Africa has not deified ancestors" (ii., pp. 245, 248). Thus St. Paul and Sir Alfred Lyall seem at one on this point: "things made" suggested the idea of a maker. How early, in what mental condition, the idea arose we cannot know; but certainly savages far more archaic than Miss Kingsley's West African middle barbarians have the idea. Miss Kingsley's observations, of course, only corroborate those of Wilson, Mungo Park, and many other explorers. A number of these witnesses may be found in Waitz and Gerland's *Anthropologie* (vol. ii.), and in Mr. Max Müller's *Hibbert Lectures* (pp. 106-113). Sir A. B. Ellis, reporting similar African facts, leans to the theory of borrowing, against which, in this case, I have argued in *The Making of Religion*. As to the origin of the belief, Sir Alfred Lyall, St. Paul, and myself are agreed, in opposition to your reviewer. I do not say that man evolved the idea of a maker "before he began to develop animistic notions," though this may have been the case. Nobody can know that. But man certainly, in known cases, has the idea full-blown, before he has begun to worship ancestral ghosts. We should try to confine ourselves to facts: as to what lies behind the facts, we are left to "the taste and fancy" of the theorist, who may select a "magnified elemental spirit" instead of "a magnified non-natural man," like Baiame in Australia. Orthodoxy has little to gain, if I am right, except another proof that science has, once more, been in much too great a hurry, both as to her theory of the origin of Theism, and as to her "cock-certainty" that she is acquainted with the limits of human faculty.—I am, &c.,

1, Marloes-road, W.: May 23.

A. LANG.

A Hard Case.

SIR,—I do not demand your sympathy, but I ask for it in all humility. A gentleman who, I believe, hails from California is possessed of a very ready wit. He loves children; so do I. He writes nonsense; so do I. He is fain to have kinship with the Fairies; I am already one of their best friends; free of their craft.

Sometimes, in various periodicals, I sign my name; so does he. We have even clashed in the same issue of the same paper. His name—one must be courteous in these matters—is GELETT BURGESS. Mine is horribly similar—GILBERT BURGESS.

I recently wrote some signed art criticisms in a daily paper concerning the pictures that should never have been

painted at the Academy and New Gallery. To him, in many quarters, was accorded the discredit. He, telling monstrous child-tales in a paper devoted to the interests of women generally and fashion-plates in particular, has made a great success. But part of this has been accredited to me.

What am I to do?

Shall I go to California and become a humorist under his name, or shall I persuade him to stay in this country and become a critic under my name?

I respect him; but I fear him, seeing that he gets the credit of all my worst work and I get the credit of all his best. And he is bound to have his revenge.

Perhaps you, sir, can arrange a meeting between us, so that we may be able to effect a compromise. For instance, a bond might be drawn up thus: I, in future, will sign Harold Brown; he, in his turn, will inscribe himself John Smith.—I am, &c.,

GILBERT BURGESS.

"Was Bacon a Poet?"

SIR,—In regard to your article on this subject in Mr. J. Addington Symonds's essay, *Elizabethan Song-Books*, occurs the following: "Thos. Campion, with his religious and philosophical soul, was abundant in such strains of poetry. I will select one little piece, which illustrates the loose, but genial, manner of translation common at that time. It is modelled upon Horace, and has generally been ascribed, but without sufficient reason, as I think, to Lord Bacon." Then follows the poem in question, commencing: "The man of life upright."—I am, &c.,

ARCH. GIBBS.

13, Gloucester-place, Cheltenham.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of Competition No. 33.

Last week we asked for an English version of the following poem of De Leyre:

LE ROSIER.

Je l'ai planté, je l'ai vu naître
Ce beau Rosier où les oiseaux
Viennent chanter sous ma fenêtre
Perchés sur ses jeunes rameaux.

Joyeux oiseaux, troupe amoureuse,
Ah! par pitié ne chantez pas;
L'amant qui me rendait heureuse,
Est parti pour d'autres climats.

Pour les trésors du nouveau monde
Il fuit l'amour, brave la mort.
Hélas! pourquoi chercher sur l'onde
Le bonheur qui trouvait au port.

Vous, passagères hirondelles,
Qui revenez chaque printemps,
Oiseaux voyageurs, mais fidèles,
Ramenez-le moi tous les ans.

In spite of the allurements of Whitsuntide, a great many of our readers have attempted this translation. Altogether a high level of excellence has been reached, although we cannot quite say that any translator has added a new poem to the English store, to do which should, of course, be the aim of all who turn foreign verse into another language. It has been very difficult to decide, but, altogether, the following version by A. J. Elliot, 12, Woronzow-road, St. John's Wood, N.W., seems to be the most satisfactory:

THE ROSEBUSH.

I planted it, I watched it grow,
That beauteous Rose, where all day long
Birds from its tender boughs below
My window warble amorous song.

For pity's sake, you joyous quire,
Ah, sing not in these love-lorn times,
When he who is my heart's desire
Has sailed away for other climes.

He flies from love, and death would brave
In treasure-quest new worlds to roam—
Alas! why seek across the wave
The happiness he found at home?
You roving swallows, who return
So loyally each springtime here—
Your constancy, ah, bid him learn,
And bring him to me every year!

We quote some of the more unconventional translations:

THE ROSE-TREE.

I planted and I watched it spring,
My fair rose-tree my green rose-tree;
Where birds now, perching, come and sing
Under my window—sing to me.

Hush! joyous birds that throng my tree,
In pity, peace, ye loving bands!
Once we were happy, I and he—
My love, who's gone to other lands.

For the New World's wealth he braves
Death, and from true love turns to roam.
Alas! why seek upon the waves
The happiness which lies at home?

Oh! swallows that with every spring,
Faithful, tho' fugitive, return—
Oh! bear him with you—each year bring
My lover back, for whom I yearn.

[A. G. L., Inverness.]

THE ROSE TREE.

I planted it, and watched it grow—
The rose-tree at my window—now
The gay birds perch on each young bough,
And make sweet love in music flow.
O birdies birdies, sing not so!
Be pitiful!—my grief allow!
My love—my all of bliss, I vow—
For gold to far-off climes must go!
Alas! though he hath wealth eno',
He flies from love the wave to plough—
To darksome death, maybe, to bow—
And leave his bliss in port to woe.
O birds of passage—swallows dear!
Bring me him home with you next year!

[R. M. L., Liverpool.]

I planted yonder rose-tree fair,
I've watched its young shoots spring,
And birds beneath my window there
Come carolling.
Thrice happy birds! Love's quire, be still,
In pity cease your strain;
He who with joy my heart would fill
Has crossed the main.
He seeks the New World's golden lure,
Flouts love, and e'en death braves,
Ah me! with bliss in port secure,
Why roam the waves?
O swallows lead! who, each springtime,
Return, your wanderings o'er,
Still year by year from that far clime
My love restore.

[M. T. P., Chester.]

Replies received from: J. B. Plumstead; F. G. C., Hull; C. S., London; S. G., Grimsby; B. B., Stourbridge; A. M., London; W. W. G., Birkenhead; J. J. P., Oswestry; C. B. F., Bagshot; A. E. M., Berks; M. B. J., Berks; E. M. P., London; O. E., London; E. F. A., London; P. S. W., Surrey; G. N., Bristol; K. F., London; E. S., Brighton; T. J., Lincoln; E. S. C., London; F. R. G., Cheltenham; "Ivy Leaves," Liverpool; Capt. S., Surrey; H. E., Devon; M. M., London; J. L., Aberdeen; F. E. W., London; J. G. B., Liverpool; J. C. S., Birmingham; F. B., London; L. S., Cambridge; A. A., Edinburgh; F. M., London; A. H. M., Dundee; E. M. C., London; E. M. R., Surrey; C. S., Salisbury; R. M. H., Eastbourne; T. C., Buxton; H. B. H. R., Bradford; F. S., London; M. D., Cardiff; F. F., Leicester; A. B. C., London; N. A., Kent; M. G., Reigate; G. H., Uddington; V., London; L. E. H., Surrey; J. H., Devon; Mrs. G. S., Aberdeen; R. L., London; C. J. P. C., Cambridge; F. C., London; H. al-R., London; M. T., London; R. C., Birmingham; N. P. W., London; L. M. L., Stafford; E. R. C., London; W. B. R., Glam.; L. C. J., near Berwick; H. J., Crouch End; J. L., Staffs; A. C., London; C. W. T., London; G. K. D., Attleboro; A. R., Kent; A. K., London; J. M., Glasgow; C. M. W., Yorkshire; D. A. W., Gloucester; F. B. O., Torquay; M. A. W., Walford; B. H. M., Andover; J. G. L., Norwich; A. E. T., London; G. C. P., London; W. G. F., Preston; C. T. O., London; F. L. B., Cambridge; Mrs. R. M., Glendevon.

Competition No. 34.

Translations seem so much to the mind of competitors that we ask this week for a version from the German. Heine has been called untranslatable; none the less, let the impossible be attempted or triumphed over. We offer a prize of one guinea for the best translation of this song from the *Buch der Lieder*:

UND WÜSTEN'S DIE BLUMEN, DIE KLEINEN.

Und wüsten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen,
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüsten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie liessen fröhlich erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüsten sie mein Wehe
Die goldenen Sternelein,
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Die alle können's nicht wissen,
Nur Eine kennt meinen Schmerz:
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

At least two English translations of this poem already exist; our contributors will not, of course, make any use of these.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, May 30. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the second column of p. 592 or it cannot enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, May 25.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Swan (H.), Our Lord the Comforter	(Baxter)	1
Meyer (F. B.), "I Promise"	(Sunday School Union)	1/0
Bulgakoff (A.), The Question of Anglican Orders	(S.P.C.K.)	
New Light on the Bible. Vol. I.....	(Macquoen)	5/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Ten Brink (Dr. J.), Robespierre and the Red Terror.....	(Hutchinson)	12/0
Keane (A. H.), Man, Past and Present.....	(Camb. Univ. Press)	12/0
Fletcher (J. S.), A Picturesque History of Yorkshire. Part 3.....	(Dent)	1/0
The Autobiography and Diary of Samuel Davidson, D.D. Edited by His Daughter	(T. & T. Clark)	7/6
Tschudi (C.), Eugénie, Empress of the French. Translated by E. M. Cope (Sonnenschein)		6/0
Laughton (J. K.), From Howard to Nelson: Twelve Sailors	(Lawrence & Bullen)	10/6
Windt (H. de), True Tales of Travel and Adventure	(Chatto & Windus)	6/0
Milne (J.), The Romance of a Pro-Consul	(Chatto)	6/0
Hiley (R. W.), Memories of Half a Century	(Longmans)	15/0
Williams (L.), The Children's Study: Spain	(Unwin)	

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Thomson (J.), Through China with a Camera	(Harper)	
Rumney (A. W.), Sprogues on the Fells (Iliffe, Sons & Sturmer, Ltd.) net		1/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Dejob (C.), Les Femmes dans La Comédie	(Fontemoign, Paris)	
Nietzsche (F.), The Case of Wagner. Translated by Thomas Common	(Unwin)	
An Epic of the Soul	(Whittaker)	

EDUCATIONAL.

Fasquelle (L.), Cassell's Lessons in French. Part I.	(Cassell)	
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JUVENILE.

Cule (W. E.), Sir Constant	(Melrose)	3/6
Dawson (E. C.), Comrades	(Melrose)	

NEW EDITIONS.

Green (S. G.), Jennifred, and Other Verses.....	(Stock)	
Carter (E.), The Moral Discourses of Epictetus. 2 vols.	(Dent)	each 1/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

Harries (M.), <i>The Secrets of the Hand</i>(Digby, Long & Co.)	2/6
Hole (S. E.), <i>Our Gardens</i>(Dent)	net
Warren (W. J.), <i>A Handbook of the Platinotype Process</i>(Liffé)	net
Mackenzie (A.), <i>The Prophecies of the Brahan Seer</i>(Mackay, Sirling)	1/0
Little's Annual <i>Pleasure Diary, 1899</i>(Simpkin, Marshall)	1/0
Baker (Sir S.), <i>First Steps in International Law</i>(Kegan Paul)	12/0
Kirby (F. V.), <i>Sport in East Central Africa</i>(Rowland Ward)	net
Stephens (W. W.), <i>Higher Life for Working People</i>(Longmans)	3/6
Chadwick (H. M.), <i>The Cult of Othin</i>(Clay)	
O'Bill (Rex), <i>The Morals of John Ireland</i>(Burleigh)	1/6
A Beckett (A. W.), <i>The Modern Adam</i>(Hurst & Blackett)	0/0
<i>Catalogue of Fulham Central Libraries</i>	1/0

** New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.

Announcements.

Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co. propose to issue in the autumn a limited *édition de luxe* of Canon Ainger's well-known edition of the works of Charles Lamb, together with the memoir which appeared in the "English Men of Letters" Series. The whole work will be carefully revised by the editor, who will be able to incorporate some important new letters, and also make interesting additions to the notes. Arrangements have been made with Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. to include the letters from Lamb to Charles Lloyd, which they published last year in a volume edited by Mr. E. V. Lucas.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS will publish Mr. W. Edwards Tirebuck's new romance, *The White Woman*, at the end of May.

MISS E. M. CLERKE, who contributed some of the translations contained in Dr. Garnett's recent work on Italian literature, has in the press a volume entitled *Fable and Song in Italy*, tracing out the evolution of the chivalric poems from the street ballads, the repertory of the itinerant minstrel craft.

THE second series of Dr. Edward Moore's *Studies in Dante* will be published at once at the Clarendon Press. The dedication of the book was accepted by Mr. Gladstone in the last year of his life. The Clarendon Press is also preparing for early publication a large-type edition of the *Divina Commedia*, reprinted from Dr. Moore's "Oxford Dante."

MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT will shortly issue at a popular price a new work entitled *China and the Chinese*, translated and edited from the French of Edmund Planchut by Mrs. Arthur Bell. (N. D'Anvers.)

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